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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It did not occur, apparently, to the memorialists of King Edward that by far the most distinguished memorial would be to let "the moral's truth tell simpler so". His memory is memorial enough. Not to be one amongst the dreary collection of bad statues that are supposed to commemorate our kings and great men would be distinction in itself. However, memorial there is going to be. The question was, should it be one for all the nation, or many for many parts—London, Windsor, Scotland—and the many had it. We should have preferred a single national memorial, for then there would have been but one bad statue instead of many. Not that we lack a sculptor who could do a good enough statue of King Edward, but these memorials do not go to the good artists, but to the successful ones. However, Mr. Brock can hardly be quit of the Victoria Memorial in time to take on King Edward's. Also, a memorial is not bound to take statue form.

So far this has been Mr. Asquith's session. Since the King's death he has simply dominated the House; none of his colleagues has counted. The non-party turn given to affairs has been fortunate for his reputation. Up to Easter he had been prominent, but had better have been less so. But when Mr. Asquith can be, or even appear to be, all for the State and nothing for party, he is at full stature. The difference is marked. Mr. Lloyd George has had no show at all as yet. He has almost dropped out, for his Budget was merely same as before. He was unhappy, in the early session, trying to show why the income tax should not be collected. There was only one reason—which he could not mention—a Government intrigue which events stultified. Mr. Lloyd George's case is the opposite of Mr. Asquith's. Only in party polemics does Mr. Lloyd George shine; take away party and you cut off Samson's hair. Since the Budget the House has hardly been aware that there is a Mr. Lloyd George.

When we said just now that none of Mr. Asquith's colleagues counted, we overlooked Mr. Churchill. He has made a very distinct mark upon the session. His statement of prison policy will be remembered. In this Mr. Churchill has a great advantage over Mr. Lloyd George; he can sometimes sound the non-contentious note as well as the contentious successfully. Sometimes he tries to be very statesmanlike and is ridiculous; but in the prisons debate he came off quite. And he left his teeth-marks on the Woman Suffrage Bill: the suffragettes seem to think he killed it. We can quite believe he gave them away, but by squirming so they only add to Mr. Churchill's importance, which does not need blowing out any further.

Quiet times are not an Opposition's opportunity. Mr. Balfour's tribute to King Edward was striking—none other had so fine a touch—but he has generally contented himself with a quiet part. Lord Hugh Cecil, on re-entry, immediately asserted his old prestige. No one has the ear of the House more completely. Yet we are doubtful if the session has added to his influence. There has been too often a tone of petulance, a shrillness, which is ineffective. Mr. Austen Chamberlain certainly has gained in power. He is making the utmost of his capacity. Mr. F. E. Smith goes on his way rejoicing. He has made himself indispensable to his party. In the House of Lords there has been almost dead calm. Lord Rosebery made a little stir with a fine speech on reform. What irony that events should interfere to give the characteristic sequel to Lord Rosebery's idea! It came to nothing.

The Declaration Bill has become law with marvellous little opposition. It got through the remaining stages in the Commons with speed and without friction; and in the House of Lords only Lord Kinnaird opposed it. We admire any and every man who has the pluck to be in a minority of one. We raise our hats to Lord Kinnaird for leading a forlorn hope; we trust he will sacrifice himself next time in a better cause. That the Bill passed the Lords so easily does not show any indifference to the Protestant succession—the Lords would probably be keener about it than the Commons—but simply that it was plain that the change in the Declaration did not in any way diminish from its effect.

The matter is done with now and well out of the way. An offence has been removed, and no one is likely to trouble himself about the Declaration any more.

This Declaration affair reminds us of a criticism in the "Tablet" of our review of Cardinal Vaughan's Life. The "Tablet" considers that we did Cardinal Vaughan an injustice when we said that he advised the sending of the question of Anglican Orders to the Inquisition. Our meaning was that the Cardinal induced the Pope to treat the question as one to be settled by the Roman Church in its domestic forum and not as a matter for conference between the two Churches.

The House of Lords has made a useful amendment to the Small Holdings Bill—the Bill that passes into law this session. The amendment enables farmers to claim compensation under the Bill up to 1 November instead of up to 1 September as originally proposed. Lord Carrington objected to it on the score of privilege! He made claim of privilege, he said, on the instance of "a very high authority" whose name he would not disclose. Lord Balfour and Lord Lansdowne did well to follow this up. As Lord Lansdowne pointed out, Lord Carrington's concern for the Commons' privilege was, to say the least of it, premature. The Lords stuck to their amendment, and they prevailed. Mr. Byles, who talked next day about the Constitution and urged the Commons to disagree, was very rightly snubbed by the Speaker.

Politics in Ireland are never dull. Talking of the Fenians on Sunday last, Mr. Joseph Devlin did not wish to raise "painful memories". Wild fellows they were perhaps in '67; but they were the founders of the "constitutional movement" of to-day. Political crime is perhaps of a milder sort in Ireland to-day than it was in '67, so that a movement which is still measured by the amount of business done by the magistrates and the police may by comparison be termed "constitutional". But the best of Mr. Devlin was his tribute in a single breath to James Stephens and General Botha. Botha fought the British, and is now Premier in a colony which is "one of the gems of the Imperial Crown". James Stephens would have come by equal honour; but, alas! the luck was against him. He was just like Botha—except that he was never President of a free Irish State.

Certainly Mr. Ure has enfeoffed himself to popularity—popularity in the old sense. Probably he felt that the people's holiday on Monday would be incomplete without him. He is a born politician; for he is never tired of repeating himself. Everybody is sick of Mr. Ure's talk about old-age pensions—except Mr. Ure. It came up again on Monday. We cannot, as he, go on repeating ourselves for ever; so we say no more. Mr. Ure has more staying power than we; we cannot be indignant eternally.

He also had something to say about the Conference. He wants the Conference to go on. He believes that the men who compose it are "of good sense"; and that they will "find a way". All this talk about the Conference, and the good it is doing, shows that Mr. Ure at any rate is not anxious to have an election yet. Mr. Ure's faith in the Conference began before he had heard Mr. Asquith's statement to the House of Commons last week, or we might have inferred that he was following his master's lead. As it is, we are left rather in the dark. The system of discipline that obtains among the Radicals just now makes it very difficult to give to the utterances of respective Cabinet Ministers just weight.

The electors of Hornsey are to say what they think about woman suffrage. Parties have combined in the division to hold a plébiscite; and in Hornsey the question will be settled—so far as electors are concerned—at the cost of about £100. The right plan, of course, would be to ask every grown-up man and woman, voter or not. In Hornsey only electors are being asked, and it is being done expensively—through

the post office. A plébiscite of all the people properly organised would not cost £100 a division or anything like it. And it would settle the question.

The record of the present Government in the courts has not been a happy one. The case of Mr. Archer-Shee does not stand alone; and judges must be weary of finding decorous expressions to convey their opinions of not one but several departments of State. The Admiralty, the Inland Revenue and the Board of Education have each had to submit to judicial censure; and the cases have a strong family resemblance. In each of them the authorities have disregarded the plainest rules of equity, and have sought to avoid correction in the Law Courts by screening themselves behind some legal technicality. Doubtless the offenders have been primarily the officials; but their parliamentary chiefs must take their share of the blame.

The Government on coming into office began by encouraging a parliamentary attack on one of the judges of the High Court; and in all their Bills they have sought to withdraw the bureaucracy from the control of the Courts of Law. Wherever it was possible they have substituted administrative orders for judicial proceedings. Mr. Lloyd George at the Treasury, Mr. Runciman at the Board of Education and Mr. McKenna at both the Board of Education and the Admiralty have condoned and defended, if they have not actually inspired, the unjust misfeasances of their subordinates. If more harm has not been done, it is due to the vigour and independence of the judicial bench, which has always been alert to restrain the injustice of the bureaucracy.

In point of time the raising of Mr. Horace Avory K.C. and Mr. Horridge K.C. to the Bench was somewhat unexpected. It was generally supposed amongst lawyers that the names of the additional judges to be created under the Act passed in the present session would not be announced until after the Long Vacation. And, in fact, the appointments are only to take effect at the close of the Long Vacation. It would have been too much if, after all the talk there has been of the inordinately long holidays of the judges, the new men had begun to draw their salaries from the very moment when work stops altogether.

Mr. Horace Avory's appointment will do. He is one of the most experienced criminal lawyers of the day, and the weakest point of the Bench is its lack of good criminal judges. Mr. Horridge's appointment is entirely bad. He has neither standing at the Bar nor eminence of any other kind to justify it. This judgeship is purely a reward for electioneering success. Because Mr. Horridge beats Mr. Balfour in East Manchester in 1906 the country has to take him as a judge of the High Court, not a thought being given to his fitness for the office. This is the last sort of job we should have expected either of Mr. Asquith or of Lord Loreburn. A Cabinet of lawyers should at least have regard to the dignity of the judicial bench. And it was said that the Government did not appoint new judges sooner in dread of the claims of precisely such second-rate lawyers! It was wise to make the announcement too late for parliamentary comment.

Imagination and idealism have not completely died out of modern life. If we have no poets we have international lawyers and also the International Law Association, which is holding its twenty-sixth conference at the Guildhall. Lord Justice Kennedy is an admirable president for an association of idealists. He is a dreamer by temperament, a rare phenomenon amongst his brethren, who are acute enough but not dreamers except when they fall asleep. The project at Lord Justice Kennedy's heart is universal peace founded on the assimilation of the civil and commercial law of all countries. The Lord Justice admits sorrowfully we shall have to wait a long time. We suggest it will be a race between his plan and future meetings of Hague Peace Conferences.

Anyone who is afraid—and one might be afraid—of universal peace coming too soon may turn to several papers read on the Declaration of London. The Naval Conference of London held in 1909 laid down an international code which is to be administered by the International Prize Court if it is ever established; but the ratification of it seems as far off as ever. Dr. T. Baty, a Secretary of the Association, read a paper attacking the "beautiful and subtle propositions" of the new code; and according to his view, very vigorously expressed, as his manner is, he declares they will give rise to more controversy and disputes and trouble than the old style.

The Universal Peace Congress has met again. We all love peace; but some are ready to pay more for it than others. At any rate it is bad business to give everybody to understand that you are willing to pay a great deal for the thing which you desire. But is a Peace Congress really business at all—bad or good? The meeting at Stockholm claims for itself the "faith which moves mountains"—a claim we should hesitate to admit. That kind of faith is of a more practical sort than any which any Peace Congress has to show. Nor is it true that these peace meetings have ever done much to establish the principle of arbitration. Great nations would in no case quarrel about little things. Modern industry is too complex for that. And the big things all this peace palaver does not even touch.

Peace talk being in the air, the United States have brought out a plan for a celebration of the Treaty of Ghent. The Treaty of Ghent was, of course, signed in 1814, and the celebration is to be a centenary. Mr. Carnegie is to be Chairman and President Taft is to be President; and the plan is to be worked out by the "National Committee for the Celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of Peace among English-speaking Peoples in 1914-15". Why so big a flourish? England and America (we note that America includes itself among English-speaking peoples) have, it is true, been at peace for nearly a hundred years. But if that is the real reason why we are to have a celebration, we had better look over our visiting-list. It would be bad manners to neglect the others. There must be quite a number of countries which we have not fought for nearly a hundred years. When did we last fight Prussia?

Mr. Knox, President Taft's Secretary of State, seems determined to have some compensation for his Manchurian Railway rebuff, and the form it is to take appears to be an American protectorate over Liberia. The foundation of Liberia was due in some measure, it is true, to the initiative of the United States. Bordering as it does on French and English colonies, there are constant boundary disputes, especially with the French colonies of Guiana and the Ivory Coast. The finances of Liberia are also in a hopeless muddle. Mr. Knox now proposes to come forward as the next friend of Liberia to reorganise her finances and act for her in her boundary disputes. There is also some talk about a coaling station. The latest phase seems to be a loan to be raised in England, France, Germany and America on the security of the Liberian Customs.

The protectorate is a serious matter. If the United States are once allowed to pose as next friend of Liberia, a virtual protectorate will be established. It is almost incredible that France and England should be satisfied to have the United States established as their neighbour in West Africa. Surely even the obsequiousness of our Foreign Office to the United States will hardly stand this! If America interferes in African disputes, what becomes of the Monroe doctrine? Its logical basis is immediately knocked away. The only possible ground for permitting that assumption on the part of the United States is that they confine their interference to American concerns.

The trouble on the Chinese frontier shows up equally the weakness of our policy in Tibet and the unreality of Chinese "Reform". The terms we imposed on Tibet in 1904 were the opening of certain trading

stations, the payment of an indemnity of 75 lakhs of rupees, at the rate of one lakh a year, the Chumbi valley to be occupied as security for the fulfilment of these conditions, and the British Agent at Gyantze to have the right of going to Lhasa in case of need. The Home Authorities abandoned the right of access to Lhasa, reduced the indemnity to 25 lakhs, allowed the Chinese to pay it off in a lump, and then yielded to their argument that our plea for occupying Chumbi was extinguished. The net result appears to be that we have sold to the Chinese for £166,666 results which it cost us nearly £2,000,000 to attain, and are left without the unrestricted intercourse with the Tibetans which it was our object to obtain.

Nor is this all. We have also given away the Tibetans. Lord Crewe has said that the British force assembled on the frontier to protect our trading stations "will in no case intervene between Tibetans and Chinese". Meantime, China is pouring in troops; and whatever mischief is made in the province will be of their making, however loud they may protest to the contrary. China, of course, will promise anything, and evade us as opportunity offers. The British Government will then be astonished to find itself "left". Perhaps our best hope is that the position may be too strong for the Radical Government. They may be forced to do more than they intend.

The boycott of Greek merchandise in Turkey is to go on, it seems, until the Cretan problem is solved. The Young Turks have promised again and again that the boycott shall not be allowed. They have made this promise to the Powers and to the Greek Minister. The boycott is a violation of international law and an act of defiance. If the Powers do not insist that the boycott be abandoned, they confess that the situation is beyond them. It is useless for the Young Turks to plead that they are not officially responsible. Either they are directly responsible for the violation of their pledges, or they have lost entire control of their subordinates. If they have indeed lost control, it is idle to treat with them.

Señor Canalejas has broken diplomatically with Rome. The Spanish Ambassador has returned to Madrid without leave taken. Señor Canalejas is the clever politician whose cleverness will destroy him. His defiance of the Vatican is a move in the political game which is to end in the formation of a strong Radical bloc with secular leanings. Señor Canalejas generalises too quickly from what he has seen in France and what he knows of cosmopolitan Madrid. He will learn—possibly after a few cheap successes—that there are not in Spain the factors which enabled M. Combes and M. Briand to form the bloc which is now supreme in France. Spain's Catholicism is deep and very real, and with it the monarchy is bound up. Señor Canalejas reckons without the two strongest forces in Spain to-day—her loyalty and her religion.

The South African election campaign goes on. Dr. Jameson in his speech at Johannesburg on Wednesday showed quite clearly that the Dutch Premier of United South Africa is head of a coalition that he cannot control. He has included in his Cabinet General Hertzog, whose policy he disapproves. He has refused to forbid the sale of liquor to the natives, because the Cape wine farmers wished him to refuse. Race division with the British underneath will be the result of General Botha's failure—if he continues to fail. Unionist statesmen have always felt a deep distrust of this great Radical achievement of a United South Africa.

Mr. Roosevelt does not find journalism easy. Fired by some articles in a magazine, he set out to get local colour for an idea he had about mining life in Pennsylvania. He wanted, of course, to find the miners at work; but it is not to a reporter's advantage to be a hero. Mr. Roosevelt's abortive idea was shorn of its copy. The miners were there, it is true; but they were en fête, taking a holiday to do honour to an ex-President. There were flowers and flags and

everybody in Sunday best. The miners apologised for the poverty of the show. "If we had only had a little more notice, we should have had a band."

A national lock-out in the shipyards is the latest imminent trouble in the industrial world. Five days ago, some men working on a ship at Govan, on the Clyde, imitated the folly of the men who started the North-Eastern Railway strike, and stopped work without any warning. The agreement of the Employers' Federation with the shipyard trade unions provides that there be no stoppage of work over any dispute until the question has been discussed in conference. The Boiler-makers' and the Shipwrights' Societies, to which most of the men who have broken the agreement belong, have replied to the employers' complaints that they have ordered immediate resumption of work. But the work is not resumed.

The Employers' Federation threatens a general lock-out in another week. In the interval it may be hoped the officials of the two societies may be as successful in bringing the men to reason as the officials of the railway society were on the North-Eastern. Mr. Burt's latest monthly circular to the Northumberland Miners' Association deals with the suicidal craze of trade unionists for breaking agreements their own leaders have made. It weakens the influence of the officials as negotiators. One would think elementary common sense would teach the men this. Nothing has done more to convince the public of the value of trade unions than the efforts of the large societies to keep down disputes. But the good influence will all be over if the agreements they make are not kept: and the unions will disintegrate into fractious and at the same time impotent small bodies.

We wonder whether Lord Rosebery was right, speaking of Burns at the Auld Brig of Ayr. "Poverty produces masterpieces and wealth smothers." We are inclined to think that Lord Rosebery has it the wrong way round. It is the masterpieces that produce the poverty. Masterpieces seldom produce wealth, and the genius seldom grows rich. But if you make a genius comfortable, will he immediately go to sleep? We do not believe it. Poverty and the sordid struggle for pence has stifled more genius than it has reared. It is quite true the ugly duckling did become a swan, but it is not certain he would not have turned out just as well if he had had a better time in his youth.

Lord Rosebery was in better vein extolling Burns' fine independence of spirit—his hatred of cant in high places. A particular form of cant is soon outworn; but the thing itself is always with us. It is the high office of the supremely vital man—the genius—to point it out. It was the merit of Burns that, living when he did, he saw alike through the discipline of the Kirk and the lofty professions of the House of Commons man from Scotland. These exhortations, said Lord Rosebery in a passage of really exquisite irony, are superfluous now. "Our members of Parliament are very different now from what they were then. I will not point out to-day the essential points of difference, but I will simply indicate that we have the members whom we desire and deserve."

It is no disparagement of Mr. Charles Manners' effort to say that Mr. Thomas Beecham's two opera seasons this year have beaten all records. Of course at Covent Garden Richter worked his usual marvels with Wagner. But there is no need to draw comparisons between Richter and Beecham: Beecham did not specialise in Wagner, and Richter did. Richter did not try his hand on Mozart's scores, and Mr. Beecham showed himself a fine conductor and musician by his interpretations of those scores. The representations of "The Seraglio", "Figaro" and "Così fan tutte" will long be remembered by all who were present. Some young singers created names for themselves; at least one English composer, Mr. Clutsam, did the same. Mr. Beecham's season was neither a society function nor a faddist's ordeal.

THE KING'S WORK.

OUR King and his Queen certainly do not shrink from work. It might perhaps be an extravagance to say that the King is working harder than any of his subjects; but it is at any rate true, even obviously true, that very few of his subjects work nearly as hard as he. Even the things he does which come before the public eye make up a fair day's work—indeed the daily programme of the last few weeks has been more than a good day's work. But what we see can only be the less onerous side of the King's day. If we knew all he did and had to do, we should probably thank our stars that we were only obscure subjects. But we do not know, and the public never can and never will know, what the work of an English king is; and smaller means than usual has it of gauging the long day's task of King George. We see that the King goes to Aldershot and gets into close touch with his Army; he goes to Torbay and gets into close touch with his Navy; he goes to the City and to the East End. He has established already personal relations as King with those on whom he has first claim and who have first claim on him: his sailors, his soldiers, and his poorest subjects; and to all he has said the right thing. This is not flattery. Kings, not excepting English kings, by no means always say the right thing; but one can read what King George did say, and it is a simple fact that he struck the right note, he spoke in the right way to all these people. He was simple, straight, and sincere. Royal speech in public is apt, unavoidably apt, to be colourless, dull and conventional. Very few, we think, will not agree with us that King George leaves the impression of speaking from his heart more than Sovereigns, or Royalties of any degree, usually do.

About all these doings of the King there has been a quietness, an unshowiness, that all the best Englishmen will keenly appreciate. He comes before the country as a quiet English gentleman, an able man, who means to do his duty. After all what most Englishmen want most, at any rate all those who cultivate a traditional ideal, is to be governed by an English gentleman, one who answers to the peculiar associations of that great word. To be a gentleman is the great English ideal. Rightly or wrongly, nothing else so much appeals to the Briton; perhaps it would be honester to say nothing appeals so much to the Briton on his better side. He is not an idealist—his purse and his palate move him much—but he generally has one ideal, and that ideal is the conception of a gentleman. Where we got it from can hardly be said with certainty, though some of its origins are certain enough. Perhaps it is Norse—perhaps we took it from the Vikings. Neither can the ideal be exactly described; still less defined. Very few things that matter can be defined. It is that very fineness of quality that escapes expression in black and white. These things are feelings, instincts; and it is only an ass who puts them down as nothing because they are not explained with precision. It is the old story of dissecting the living body to find the life. Of course, it is easy to say what a gentleman is technically, heraldically. But that does not exhaust the idea, though it helps to explain it. A gentleman in the strict sense may have every attribute we now call ungentlemanly; which shows that a gentleman's estate was early supposed to carry its obligations as well as privileges. We have now nearly gone round to the opposite point of view, and speak as though a gentleman meant nothing but qualities which every man—peasant to prince—may have. This is absurd: historically false and destructive of the root idea of "gentleman". Selection, privilege if you will, the elect, is essential to the idea. Otherwise it would never have been an ideal at all. The ideal gets its strength from the sense of responsibility in those within the charmed ring to live up to it; and the hope of those without either to get in or take their tone from it. The thing is human enough, but it has been built up into something very great. The conception of a gentleman is the best antidote we have against materialism in the upper and educated classes. It is not strange that Englishmen should jealously demand the

fulfilment of this ideal of "gentleman" in their king. Maybe the conception is an aristocratic one—in fact it is. It involves a certain restraint, a reserve, even in a sense a coldness, aloofness, joined to simplicity, straightforwardness, freedom from affectation. These are not popular qualities; they are qualities respected of the people rather than liked. But in a Sovereign in this country they tell unerringly in the end.

One feels of King George that he is an Englishman core through, a typical English gentleman who also makes his friends amongst English gentlemen. They may be rich men—millionaires—or they may not; that is an accident. His will be an English Court, the English nobility being its leading and most intimate figures. If there is groaning among the exiles, no matter. There will have to be a certain number of "executions", in Lord Salisbury's sense. No one wants to be curmudgeonly to foreign dwellers here; we have room for them, and, if they justify themselves, we do not grudge them their place in any circle. But they must justify themselves; they must show cause for being there. Money is not a sin to be laid to any man's charge; but it is not a pledge of all the virtues, and is not to count in their stead in any man—Jew, German or risen Englishman, be he grocer or financier. We ought not to have to approach every fresh list of honour-trembling lest there be a further adulteration of the peerage. All good Englishmen will rejoice that the mad rush for money and the riotous running after pleasure, as the whole object of life, should receive a check in the highest places. The ridiculous and sometimes disgusting doings of a few "smart" people—their country-house indecencies, their insane expenditure in London—will cease to attract when they become incorrect; and then will cease altogether. There is, of course, a place and a time for show, for state; perhaps even for gorgeousness. When these times come we shall have show and state. Nobody supposes that either the King or Queen Mary is a Puritan. One may enjoy display at the proper time without being less thankful that the King goes about his work in a quiet, unshowy, English way.

That his quiet devotion to duty, his tempered pursuit of pleasure, will make for popularity we are not at all sure. We rather think the public like to see a man enjoying himself to the utmost; they feel he is doing what they would do if they had his chance. Extreme affability, the engaging genial manner, all smiles and grace—the Charles II. habit—is the most popular. But there are greater things than popularity. We should say King George was too sound a man to care extremely whether he were personally popular or not. If popularity comes uncourted, very well; if courted, it is likely to be mistress.

Especially is popular favour a fatal guide in every matter of taste. When the Sovereign or any Royal person has taste quite above the average of the nation, it is a great thing for that nation's art. The House of Hanover has not been remarkable for good judgment in matters of art. Recently the Royal Family has taken active interest in artistic matters, and some of its members have considerable knowledge—the Duchess of Argyll is quite a fair sculptor—but for the most part Royal favour has coincided with popular favour. It is difficult to avoid this. The Sovereign has to treat everything nationally. One cannot deny that in the eyes of the public the Royal Academy is a national institution; and so it has always sunned itself and its bad art in Royal favour. But it was naturally very difficult for the Prince of Wales not to attend Academy banquets, as representing British national art more than anything else did. Yet nothing could be more unfortunate for British art. If the Royal Family ceased to treat the Academy as setting the standard of British art, which it no longer does except for the Philistine, the Academy would sink into its right place or mend its ways and become in truth what it is now wrongly taken to be. We want the Royal influence to tell on the side of the best work in art as in everything else.

King George's reign has made a brave start. The

country—and not least the gentlemen of England—can feel with profound thankfulness that it has for King a simple English gentleman who, with the help of his wife Queen Mary, will do his duty without fear or favour as God's vice-gerent in the British Empire.

MR. ASQUITH'S POSITION.

NOTHING can be more fortunate for the Prime Minister than the suspension of the session at the present moment. It will give the public time to receive the impression which has been gradually forming during the last two months, and is now definitely fixed, that the Prime Minister is conducting the non-party affairs of his high office in a manner not unworthy of its very high traditions. It may be said that matters such as the Regency, the Civil List, and the Royal Declaration all involve questions upon which parties are not bitterly divided and that therefore to carry them through both Houses without violent opposition is no great test of statesmanship. But this view is a very superficial one, as everyone is well aware who knows anything of the working of the legislative machine. A Bill often becomes contentious owing to the way it is handled. There were many elements of opposition ready to be troublesome over the Civil List. Even Mr. Gladstone at times had to face difficulties in this matter which Mr. Asquith has eliminated. The beau rôle in conducting a Bill of this kind is not to make a striking oration which shall crush the objector, but to prevent any formidable objectors making themselves a nuisance. To achieve this is to deserve well of the Sovereign and the nation, for discussions on such matters are both ungracious and irritating. But it is clearly much more difficult for a Liberal leader to manage things so as to suppress the loquacity of his followers on such occasions than for a Unionist.

With regard to the Regency, as with the Civil List, amendments to the Ministerial proposals were mostly pour rire, and the machine went steadily on performing its functions without friction. It is absurd to suppose that this was mainly due to the nature of the work to be performed and not to the hand that was guiding it. This becomes much clearer when the triumphant conclusion of the Declaration controversy is thrown into the balance. Here at all events it is certain that any hesitation or mishandling of the situation by the Prime Minister would have led to a disgusting and degrading religious squabble, involving great temptations to political partisans to increase the turmoil for their own purposes. "Such a being as man in such a world as the present" could not have refrained from using the opportunity thus presented to him to the fullest extent, and we have to thank the firmness and courtesy of the Prime Minister for saving us from a very despicable struggle. To get the matter through was the first thing needed; but there were some plausible arguments put forward for a postponement which would have meant nothing but an open door for "No Popery" in its most repulsive form. The country itself would have suffered gravely and the position of the Sovereign would by the end of the autumn have been damaged too.

Mr. Asquith therefore deserves not only admiration but gratitude for his firmness and good humour in settling the question at once. Amendments in the Commons which might have proved dangerous if less strongly met disappeared. This easy passage in the Commons was followed by an even more remarkable unanimity in the Lords. Peers as a body are anything rather than Papistical in their leanings, nor are they desirous of smoothing the path of the present Government; but so sane and evidently sincere were the proposals of the Prime Minister and his method of presenting them that no seconder could be found for the only amendment brought forward. Beyond all this, Mr. Asquith showed not only tact and firmness but a real power of grasping the questions of religious and theological controversy involved, and clearly understood au fond the Churchman's point of view. We are bound

to say that the majority of his supporters and opponents, in spite of their admiration for his great parliamentary capacities, had not credited him with any desire to appreciate the niceties of theological controversy. But it is quite clear now that in dealing with such questions he is by no means moving about in an unrealised world.

It is not possible, therefore, to deny that at the close of this part of the session the Prime Minister dominates the parliamentary scene, and he does so not as a great party leader but as a national figure. In all these measures with which we have been dealing he was acting peculiarly as the representative of the nation as a whole and not of a party. It is this which differentiates his position now from that which he held during the months following the opening of Parliament. Then the dexterity and firmness which he has since displayed when acting as the representative of the whole British people were almost entirely lacking in the party leader. He appeared to be losing his hold not only on the House but also on his party. It may be, and probably is, perfectly true that it was his own policy all through which ultimately prevailed; but that was not the impression made on the man in the street. It showed a sad lack of dexterity, if it were the Prime Minister's own policy which prevailed in the end, that it should have appeared to be dictated by Mr. Redmond. The change of front with regard to the Veto resolutions showed Mr. Asquith either very clumsy or very weak as head of a Ministry. After all, a Prime Minister ought to have known whether he meant the Lords to discuss his resolutions or not before he presented them to the Commons. There also appeared to be at that time a certain decay of physical vigour which alarmed his friends, and a certain slackness in the control of the parliamentary situation which depressed his followers. In fact, in every crisis which demanded adroit handling or a strong party lead, situations from which Gladstone or Disraeli would have emerged triumphant, Mr. Asquith did not shine. Even his easy-going predecessor, who certainly did not control events, was quoted to his disparagement. Although there was no collapse, his reputation as a parliamentarian was undoubtedly touched in the estimation both of friends and enemies. But the subsequent development of the situation on national rather than party lines has completely vindicated those observers who looked to Mr. Asquith for a premiership on grand lines. Now we have something like it. While his action as a sheer partisan seemed embarrassed and halting, giving no pleasure to his friends and greatly irritating his opponents, his action as a Prime Minister representing his country has been conceived in the highest spirit and carried out in the grand manner. No patriotic observer will regret this. Incidentally it may be of some benefit to his party, for the people who are not keen partisans will be pleased with the successful settlement of these questions. They concern the dignity of the nation, and all men of good will desired to see them concluded without friction and irritation. As the Prime Minister alone has carried them through, he cannot fail to find his reputation greatly enhanced outside purely political circles. This is a very great assistance to any man's career, for it gives him that confidence of the non-political public which was the greatest asset to really national leaders like Lord Palmerston and Lord Salisbury. If Mr. Asquith can retain this he will enjoy the most enviable of positions whether in or out of office, and it will put him above the rivalries and intrigues in his own party.

Every observer saw long ago the immeasurable superiority of the Prime Minister to his successor in the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. As has been truly said by an opponent, whenever he took part in the financial debates he raised them to a higher level. The ceremonial occasions and the national issues of the last two months have shown Mr. Asquith at his best. The greater the occasion the more he rises to it. This is high praise, but it is deserved. The big national occasion finds him ready. Both parties should rejoice at this, for nothing is to be gained by anyone in the end if political leaders reach but a low standard. Then we all suffer. No reasonable Unionist should regret

that the Prime Minister has enhanced and fortified his reputation, for the whole nation is the beneficiary of great statesmanship in its leaders.

MADRID OR SPAIN?

SPAIN'S real troubles and needs are so many and so pressing that her true friends must regret the Liberal Cabinet's resolve to force on an unnecessary and barren conflict with the Vatican. It is true that passing years have worn the last Concordat rather thin in places, and that the time has come for a few amicable adjustments between Church and State. For example, the immunity of religious orders from taxation has given a solid grievance to those industrialists with whom certain monks compete by efforts, otherwise praiseworthy, to live by their own labour. And the time has assuredly come for enlarging the toleration hitherto so grudgingly allowed to professing Christians out of communion with Rome. It appears, however, that the Pope has shown himself reasonable on both these points. He does not wish to exempt each and every monk from the tax-collector. As regards liberty and publicity of worship for non-Roman Catholics, he would encumber nobody save the hireling gospeller who breaks the peace by insulting the most sacred mysteries of the faith, after the manner of the fanatics who have lately succeeded all too well in filling Liverpool with religious bitterness and strife. More, Pius X. is even said to be conciliatory as regards the Government's claim to a veto on the founding of new orders, although this Governmental interference with fresh developments of piety and charity is an intrusion into the spiritual sphere. But the Pope's concessions will avail nothing, for the simple reason that Señor Canalejas and his party are determined upon a rupture. Not daring to show Most Catholic Spain their whole hand, they are labouring desperately to put the Pope in the wrong.

Those who have never explored the tortuous crypts which underlie Spanish politics are naturally puzzled by this Canalejas programme. They know that Anarchism has not been stamped out of Barcelona; that Separatism still flourishes in Catalonia; that Carlism is neither dead nor sleeping in the Basque provinces; that Bilbao and Gerona and other cities are seething with industrial discontent; and that a hundred social and economic ills cry out insistently for prompt redress. Further, they know that the Church question, on its pure merits apart from politics, is neither large nor urgent. All the Protestants of Spain could be housed roomily in a little town like Bexhill-on-Sea, and they already enjoy in practice much of the liberty which is denied to them in theory. As for the liqueur-making monks and the industrial nuns, their proposed taxes probably would not exceed the proceeds of two or three first-class bull-fights. Why, then, should the greater have to stand still in favour of the less? And for what priceless stakes is Señor Canalejas playing in thus risking a three-cornered civil war between Carlism, Republicanism, and the reigning dynasty?

In answering such riddles it must first be made plain that this is hardly at all a religious or even an ecclesiastical question from the Cabinet's point of view. No one is dreaming of a Spanish Reformation of Religion; and those London journals which credit King Alfonso's first Minister with a plan of dispersing the murk of priesthood by shafts of evangelical doctrine are importing English ideas into a Spanish matter. Nor is there, as other Britons allege, a widespread desire for a Spanish National Church, or Church of Spain, which shall repudiate the Pope as ecclesiastical ruler while agreeing with him as theological teacher. The out-and-out Spaniards of Spanish Spain are Roman as well as Catholic, and it is only the free-thinking cosmopolitans of Madrid and other un-Spanish cities who find Ultramontanism a bugbear.

The wretched truth is that this far-trumpeted crusade in the sacred names of liberty and justice is a mere parliamentary move to brace together the loosely knit groups who form the Liberal majority. It cannot even

claim the poor merit of originality. It has been acquired second-hand from the stock-in-trade of M. Combes, now retired from business. Like their brethren in Lisbon, the Parliament-men of Madrid still cling to the illusion that Paris is indeed "la ville lumière" and that France retains the political and intellectual hegemony of Europe. Instead of looking towards England, as most experienced in parliaments, for hints how the affairs of a constitutional monarchy should be carried on, these professing monarchists fix their reverent gaze upon a Republican State which has violently changed its forms of government nearly a dozen times in little more than a hundred years. With their eyes thus riveted upon France, they have become bedazzled by a misleading parallel. Modern France, say these Spanish Liberals, suffered for years from excessive parliamentary fission; and so does modern Spain. France was distracted and enfeebled by a succession of short-lived Ministries; so is Spain. The groups of the Left in France had to be forced into a bloc; so must the groups of the Left in Spain. In France the bloc was held together by a cement of anti-clericalism; and it is therefore, they conclude, as plain as daylight that anti-clericalism is the one thing needful for the perpetuation of Liberal government, with its attendant streams of blessing, in Spain.

It is not to be wondered at that these mental bankrupts, who are flouting the Pope in M. Combes' cast-off clothes, are so lacking in practical and prescient statesmanship that they are already making haste to dig the pit into which they must soon fall. One of M. Combes' first demonstrations against the Church in the name of "the lay State" was the secularisation of the courts of justice, where it had been the custom to hang up paintings of the Crucifixion. Slavishly following suit, Señor Canalejas has abolished the Christian oath. His other acts in the name of religious liberty have been so timed and performed as to show that he is much more concerned with annoying and embarrassing the Pope than with the relief of non-Catholic consciences. He is even imitating M. Combes in acts of downright rudeness, such as the transmitting of Notes to the Cardinal Secretary of State only after they have been communicated to the press. As for the religious orders, his present proposals are marked by the comparative reasonableness by which M. Waldeck-Rousseau gave M. Combes a parliamentary majority strong enough for the cynical breaking of every promise; but the Canalejas journals have admitted that this is only the thin end of the wedge. Apparently the Prime Minister is prepared to go the whole French hog—the whole unclean, greedy animal which has rooted up and devoured the fairest and holiest treasures of the Church's eldest daughter. We must compel ourselves in charity to assume that Señor Canalejas is determined to cease understudying his French masters for the last act of the sordid drama, and that he will not, after buying votes by earmarking the monks' property for old-age pensions, suffer the whole sum to be absorbed by attorneys or squandered by the liquidators, as in France, upon outright debauchery.

Fortunately, however, the last act is a long way off; and, should the curtain ever rise upon it, Señor Canalejas is not likely to be among the players. The Prime Minister's ideal is in France; but his task is in Spain. And Spain is not a smaller France. It is not even an enlarged Madrid. The true Spain is a land where Catholicism and patriotism are as warp and woof. The nation attained to unity and greatness under Ferdinand and Isabella, "the Catholic Kings", who regarded their triumphs over the Moors less as Spanish victories over intruders than as Catholic victories over unbelievers. In spirit every Spaniard was with Cervantes at Lepanto, fighting for the Pope against the Turk. Even so lately as last year, during the campaign in the Riff country, this traditional pride in the historic Catholicism of the nation was one of the most powerful inspirations of the Spanish troops. And it is certain that Spaniards, having stuck to their papal Catholicism, like the Irish, through thick and thin, will not cast it aside simply to oblige a few scores of professional politicians. The Carlists will exploit the religious passions of Navarre, and the Cabinet, if it goes much further, will find that

it has bought parliamentary peace at the price of civil war. At first Señor Canalejas will be able to boast a few hollow victories; but, should he persist in cooking his olla podrida of persecution à la Française, he will prove the truth of the old saying: "Who eats priest dies of his dinner".

Such is the explanation of the Spanish Radicals' action. But who can explain the Spanish Radicals themselves? Apparently they will never learn. As recently as six-and-thirty years ago there was a Republic in Spain, with a No-Popery policy, all complete. The middle-aged men with whom one dines in Spanish fondas and ventas remember living in the rosy dawn of Republican institutions. The Republic failed ridiculously, and Spain had to go hat in hand to the Austrian Bourbons, begging them to return. Yet the Radicals of to-day, with their short memories and their shorter sights, are set upon repeating the old errors which must once more consign them to impotence and obscurity. It is true that they have on their side more than half Madrid, as well as some other restless town elements and a few undergraduates of Salamanca. But these are meagre battalions when one is fighting not only against Rome but against the flower of one's own country, against the best and sturdiest of Spain.

ADMIRALTY JUSTICE.

THE Admiralty's defence of its treatment of George Archer-Shee is reduced to this: it was not actuated by any positive malice. This is singularly little to say for a department into whose hands parents commit the character, reputation and careers of their boys. At one point in the trial Mr. Justice Phillimore observed that the Crown accused the boy of theft, while the father, on his part, in effect was seeking to establish a charge of malicious prosecution against the Admiralty. We know how completely the accusation of theft broke down. What of the Admiralty's defence to the charge of malicious prosecution? If we take the acquiescence of Sir Edward Carson in the remarks of Sir Rufus Isaacs at the close of the case as meaning more than it really did, we might suppose that the Admiralty had not only acted in good faith, but had done nothing but what they might have been reasonably expected to do. But Sir Edward Carson was too much possessed at that moment by the splendid triumph of the advocate who has rescued his client from disgrace and ruin to criticise the Admiralty. Speaking as lawyers, Sir Rufus Isaacs and Sir Edward Carson had in their minds the question of what between private individuals may be considered reasonable, and be a defence, in an action for malicious prosecution. The standard is not high. It hardly amounts to more than requiring a man to show so much reasonableness as proves that he did not make his accusation from pure malice and devilry. He may be foolishly credulous, rash and reckless, and obstinate. He may base his case on the recollection of a Miss Tucker, and may even show his honesty and bona fides by procuring in support of her testimony the expert skill of a Mr. Gurrin. There may be no more than a fallacious, specious and utterly ridiculous show of reasonableness in all this; but it will be enough. Let us admit, then, that if any of the people at Osborne who made the charges, or any of the people at the Admiralty who dismissed George Archer-Shee, had been sued for malicious prosecution, they could probably have proved that they acted reasonably.

But is the minimum of common sense and reasonableness allowed by the law a sufficient allowance for a Government department which has such important interests in its charge as the care and education of the future officers of the Navy? The public as such is, to be sure, very tolerant of the abuses of Government departments, and it has of late years shown itself more submissive than it used to be of Government control and decision in its private affairs. Judges have taken alarm at the tendency to withdraw the decision of legal rights from their jurisdiction, and protested against

the growth of administrative tribunals uncontrolled by appeal to the Courts. To a certain extent the public has become conscious of the danger, and the history of the proceedings in the Archer-Shee case will strengthen its suspicions. The discussion in Parliament, on the evening of the day when the Admiralty admitted that its accusation and dismissal of young Archer-Shee had been without cause, may be considered a representative expression of a general amazement and indignation at the conduct of the Admiralty. But what will parents think whose sons are already at Osborne or who were intending to send them there? Suppose the contention of the Crown at the trial is ultimately upheld, when the legal questions are argued, and Mr. Archer-Shee is held to have no claim for redress for the dismissal of his son on a groundless accusation. If this is the result, then a parent with a son at Osborne abdicates the rights, privileges and duties of a parent as the protector of the character and reputation of his son. He allows his child, a boy of thirteen, to be placed on the footing of an officer in the Army or Navy, but with a very considerable difference. The officer has the protection of a court martial which he can demand. His trial is open and subject to the rules of evidence; witnesses may be examined and cross-examined by counsel. It is perfectly intelligible and proper that a parent should not be allowed to question the decision of the Admiralty as to his son's fitness for a naval career in the strictly professional sense. But is he to accept equally submissively their decision that his boy is a thief, or guilty of something which goes to the very root of his moral character, exposes him to the contempt of his associates, makes it impossible for him to be received knowingly into any profession or business, and involves his whole family in a common disgrace? In no other position in life does the boy go into the world so utterly unprotected by those to whom everything he does is of intense interest and importance. If he is sent to an ordinary school, the father will have some right of action against a schoolmaster who dismisses him on an unfounded allegation. He will have the same right if the boy is apprenticed or articled to a master in any business or profession. It would not be to the credit of the parental nature if a father were willing to surrender all his natural rights even in the supposed interest of a Government department. We may give all the weight that is due to the argument that in the exigencies of the public service the discretion of the Admiralty over the cadets at Osborne must be uncontrolled. But there is another side to the shield. The sending of cadets to Osborne cannot be presented to parents wholly as a claim upon them for sacrifices to patriotism. It is not only a question of patriotism, but partly a business and partly a social proposition. Parents are looking out for a career for their sons, and they will ask themselves how far the Admiralty can be trusted with uncontrolled power over the reputation and character of their children. They have now learned from the Archer-Shee case how the Admiralty proceeds in investigating accusations against their sons. At the highest inquiry by Mr. Acland, the Judge Advocate of the Fleet, only showed a *prima facie* case which ought perhaps to be heard before some tribunal in which all the parties and witnesses would be confronted with each other and be examined and cross-examined. Sir Edward Carson asked Mr. Acland, who is Recorder of Oxford: When you try a prisoner as Recorder, do you hear both sides? Of course the answer was Yes. But Cadet Archer-Shee was dismissed as a thief solely on an inquiry which should have been a mere preliminary. Two years later, when, after persistent efforts, Mr. Archer-Shee obtained the right to bring his case into court, the cruel injustice done to him and his son by such a travesty of inquiry became manifest. We need not dwell upon the suffering that was endured during these two years by Mr. Archer-Shee and his family and his son. The imagination of many parents who have cadet sons will have been busily occupied with it. It is enough to point out that the chosen career of young Archer-Shee as a naval officer was ruined. A like possibility must press

heavily on other parents who think of Osborne for their sons.

It may happen when the legal points are argued that Mr. Archer-Shee will be held to have some claim to redress against the Crown. But even if that should be the result, it does not follow that anyone else in a similar position would be able at once to bring his case into court. He would still have to repeat in his own person all that Mr. Archer-Shee suffered while the Admiralty opposed, with all its powers of delay and the obstinacy of officialdom, the granting of permission to sue on the Petition of Right. This permission has to be obtained first, and it depends on what may chance to be the opinion of some one of a number of officials. Probably in the Archer-Shee case the Crown Officers by their opinions thwarted the wishes of the Admiralty officials to stifle Mr. Archer-Shee's claims. But the Attorney or Solicitor General might have backed them up, or the Home Secretary, in spite of the legal opinion, have advised the Sovereign to refuse the prayer of the petition. The process is admirable for enabling officials to cover up their mistakes under the pretext of State reasons. It might not be desirable to abolish the whole system of proceeding against the Crown by Petition of Right, but it needs revision to prevent injustice in a large class of modern cases. The case of Mr. Archer-Shee is a notable example. If parents in his position are not to be allowed to demand their rights directly from the courts as other litigants are, there ought at least to be an impartial court of inquiry to advise the Crown. As it is, if it is found that Mr. Archer-Shee has no legal claim to redress from the Crown, neither we fear will he have an action for libel or otherwise against the Admiralty officials themselves. They richly deserve to be made to suffer in their own persons for the wrong they have done by an accusation which only stupidity or recklessness could have made, and frigid indifference to the claims of humanity have persisted in maintaining.

THE CITY.

THE banker and the bill broker, whose experience this year has not been unsatisfactory, are looking forward to continued profitable business in the autumn. They are well supplied with money, and they are anticipating an increasing and remunerative demand for it on both foreign and domestic account. The foreign demand for gold is actual in the case of the United States, and seems likely to continue, whilst a demand for Egypt which is prospective may be larger than usual, for the local supplies of gold have been depleted, and the price of cotton is high. The money market at home is stronger than it often is at this period of the year, but lenders of money are already asking more for it, and this week they have found a special inducement to do so in the fact that, although the Exchequer balances are some millions higher than usual, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has decided to reissue Treasury Bills. But sentiment in the City is mixed. If the sellers of credit are happy, the sellers of securities are uncomfortable. The boom on the Stock Exchange early in the year was sustained, and it was not confined to London. On the Continental Bourses also the investor and the speculator were freely indulging, and at a time when they were treating their paper profits as cash, and were locking up their resources in new capital issues created on an unprecedented scale. As a result the liquidation has been of an international character, and it has been prolonged. The fall in American securities which has been in progress pretty well throughout the year was not unforeseen, and it has been severe, but there seems to be no greater desire to buy American rails now than there was when prices were twenty to thirty dollars higher. Recent transactions in big blocks of shares in Wall Street have given rise to a belief in the existence of active conflicting interests, and if there is to be a fight between big syndicates on the other side, the public naturally do not feel inclined to place themselves between the hammer and the anvil. The immediate future of the American rail-

way market is therefore uncertain. After such a heavy depreciation there are likely to be rapid recoveries, but the outlook, even allowing for large gold imports, does not seem sufficiently clear to warrant a belief that a sustained rise can be looked for yet awhile. Affairs on the Continent seem to be shaping better. What is wanted, both abroad and at home, is such a cessation or curtailment of new capital issues as will permit professional operators and underwriters to market the new securities which they hold to congestion, and also allow the large amount of bankrupt stock thrown upon the market during the last couple of months to settle.

The chief outstanding feature in the City which is responsible for the feeling of depression on the Stock Exchange just now is, however, the recrudescence of labour troubles. Ten years more or less of steady fall in home railway securities had so completely shattered the confidence of both investors and speculators that indications early in the year that a turn in the fortunes of the home railway market was at hand were hailed with peculiar pleasure in many quarters. These hopes of a better condition of affairs have certainly been justified by the working results. With the exception of the Scotch companies, the leading companies have now declared their dividends for the past six months. The tale has been made up by the North Western and Great Western announcements this week, which were the best. Yet all the hopes and prophecies that the home railway market, in which £1,310,000,000 of British money has been invested, would be restored to the important position it once held in the estimation of the public have been disappointed by the revival of troubles which every one supposed, or persuaded himself had been laid. The strike on the North-Eastern company, though of only three days' duration, came as a "bolt from the blue". The amount of injury that, after years of negotiations and the centralisation of authority, can be done by the arbitrary action of a few irresponsible employés to such interests as those involved in the free working of our railway system is a matter of more vital concern than is indicated by the daily fluctuations in the prices of railway securities on the London Stock Exchange.

INSURANCE.

LAW GUARANTEE AND TRUST.

IN Parliament, in the law courts, and in the press the affairs of the Law Guarantee and Trust Society continue to receive attention. There are three principal points to be considered. The first is the financial result for shareholders, policyholders and creditors. The second is the nature of the management and the necessity for full inquiry. The third is the fundamental difference between the character of the business undertaken by the Law Guarantee and of that transacted by insurance companies.

In some respects this last aspect of the matter is of the greatest importance. Insurance is a business of vast extent, in which security is the thing to be considered most. The Law Guarantee has been talked of as an insurance company: it has failed to provide security, and in the minds of the undiscriminating some doubt has arisen in regard to insurance companies as a whole. As to the bulk of its business the Law Guarantee could not be considered an insurance company at all. So far as it undertook to pay money in the event of the happening of certain contingencies unaffected by the financial status of the society itself it was an insurance office, and it was a success. Certain classes of fire, accident, and fidelity business were undertaken, and this part of its business was sold to the Guardian quite probably on good terms, though the price paid has not yet been published. The real cause of the failure of the Law Guarantee was in connexion with mortgages and debentures. Policies dealing with life, fire, and accident do not produce excessive claims if the financial status of the insurance company be-

comes weak; but claims in connexion with mortgages and debentures pour in rapidly if any doubts arise as to the stability of the guaranteeing society. What may be called independent contingencies are a legitimate subject for insurance, but dependent contingencies, producing what corresponds to a run upon a bank, are not only different from but antagonistic to the practice of insurance rightly so-called.

The affairs of the Law Guarantee are so exceedingly complicated that it is very difficult for anybody to judge as to the financial results to creditors and policyholders. Apparently the ordinary shareholders will lose the whole of the money for which they are liable. It appears almost certain that the preference shareholders will receive nothing. It seems doubtful whether the creditors and policyholders will be paid in full. The liquidators have proposed a scheme for deferred payments which has been approved by large majorities of the various classes of people concerned. The principal reason for the deferred settlements is that properties taken over can only be realised to the best advantage in course of time, and that many of the claims are contingent and cannot be properly dealt with until it is known whether or not default will be made in connexion with the various mortgages and debentures. So far as we are able to judge, the proposals of the liquidators well deserve the support which they received.

The third aspect of the matter concerns a full investigation into the management of the society. We are not greatly impressed with the demand for this on account of the magnitude of the operations, but we do regard the matter as serious because of the standing of the board of directors, the extraordinary optimism expressed when the affairs of the society must have been hopelessly bad, and the apparent fact that the directors knew practically nothing at all about the condition of the business, since we decline to believe that a board of solicitors of high standing were intentionally misleading shareholders, policyholders, and the public. It is a relatively minor matter whether the manager of the society was competent or incompetent; whether he was so much concerned with external enterprises as to be unable to attend to the affairs of the Law Guarantee; and whether he employed his own relations and friends or the best experts to make valuations for the guidance of the society in its business. There is no question as to the standing of the majority of the directors of the Law Guarantee. It is not suggested by anybody that they were guilty of anything approaching fraud. It is not thought that they consciously misled shareholders and others in regard to the condition of the business; but it does seem that they were hopelessly ignorant of the condition of the business they were supposed to direct. A strong and influential board of directors, consisting of men of capacity, is supposed to be not only honest but able, and for the sake of the directors and in the interests of the commercial community as a whole it is of the utmost importance that it should be explained how it came about that they regarded things as going well when in fact they were going hopelessly badly.

It seems from questions and answers in Parliament that a full investigation could have been made had compulsory winding-up been decided upon, instead of voluntary liquidation. The shareholders were influenced in favour of voluntary liquidation by the arguments of high authorities that full inquiry would be as possible under the one scheme as under the other, and that voluntary liquidation would ease matters for the unfortunate shareholders. Up to the present both these prognostications have been utterly falsified. The Board of Trade seems unwilling to act: if it wished to do so there would probably be no difficulty in finding a way of making the necessary inquiry, and the subject ought to be pressed to a point at which the Government will discover or create the necessary powers for probing to the bottom one of the most serious commercial scandals—not so much in amount as in character—of modern times.

" TOO GOOD A THING TO LOSE."

BY FILSON YOUNG.

"This wireless pursuit of Crippen is due alone to the acumen, astuteness and ability of Captain Kendall, of the 'Montrose', whose exclusive messages to the 'Daily Mail' have been a triumph of detective journalism."

"Daily Mail", 1 August.

CRIME will always be interesting; but the psychology of murder is among the least complex, the least obscure, and the least interesting of criminal studies. It is the only crime, however, which we punish by making the criminal suffer what his victim suffered, and for that reason, perhaps, a murder excites more popular study and attention than other more interesting crimes. Death is at the beginning and at the end of the story; the interval is filled up by a brightly lighted exposure of the daily lives of people of whom we should otherwise never have heard—what they ate, how they lived, what they wore, whom they loved and hated, what were their joys and griefs, in what manner they conducted themselves in the pilgrimage of life. The impertinence and vulgarity of our attitude is astounding; what we condescend to, through the medium of the newspaper, is a thing to stagger belief; and while the world is moving on with its load of destiny we rivet our gaze, at the bidding of the flashlight operator, on some back-kitchen in a London suburb and pry into the unhappy secrets of some poor lives that have got themselves into a tangle there.

Of the lengths to which this impropriety and vulgarity can be openly carried we have had a recent illustration in the "reporting" of the latest popular murder. We have two fugitives under a charge of murder: two wretched, unhappy people from the welter of obscure life, suddenly robbed of their anonymity, deprived of the privacy of undistinction, stripped of their neutral rags of commonplace, and turned out into the world to be hunted with all the limelight shining on to their nakedness. They fly to the sea coast, and commit themselves trembling to the sea; to the brief sanctuary of a ship crossing the ocean; and there the law discovers them, and quite rightly stops up the exits from their moving trap. A nasty but a necessary business; business to be transacted, one would say, sternly, irrevocably, completely, but as quietly as possible; a necessary but a nasty business. But what happens? The press—and by the press I am sorry to say that I mean the "Daily Mail"—determined to satisfy its readers' appetite for detail, presumably bribes the captain of the ship to turn reporter, and induces him to send an "exclusive" message in which he gives every possible detail of the shutting of the trap and of the behaviour of the victims in it.

Captain Kendall's messages to the "Daily Mail" are a disgrace to the mercantile marine and to the profession of the sea. They are an insult to the King, of whom the commander of a British ship is the direct representative, to the law, whose powers are vested in him, and to every sailor. What his temptation may have been I do not know; the responsibility for that lies with the "Daily Mail's" editor and with its principal proprietor, Lord Northcliffe. But he proved a sufficiently apt tool. Let us hear him in detail:

"My suspicion was aroused when, seeing them on the deck beside a boat, she squeezed his hand." . . .

"I warned him [the chief officer] that the discovery must be kept absolutely quiet, as it was too good a thing to lose, so we made a lot of them, and kept them smiling."

Kept them smiling, while the miles were shortening between them and the police; kept them smiling, although the girl's tears, it seems, were sometimes triumphant over the facetiousness of this precious reporter-captain; made a lot of them, not to save them from their own dreadful thoughts and fears, but because while they were unsuspecting they were a source of income; kept them smiling, lest they should weep and betray themselves to others, and the profit be lost; made a lot of them, not to give them a moment's respite before the hand of the law closed on them and separated

them for ever, but "because it was too good a thing to lose".

This man and girl were lover and mistress; they were on a last desperate adventure together, with perhaps more than the chance of death waiting for one of them at the end of it. With whatever sin and horror their relationship may have been associated, however unlovely it may appear to us, there is surely some element of sacredness in its very intimacy. Even in spite of their disguise, amid the publicity of the deck, in some moment of fear or emotion, her hand goes out to him, in desperate, wordless communion; and Captain Kendall notes it, and transmits that handclasp to the "Daily Mail".

"I told Crippen a story to make him laugh heartily so as to see if he would open his mouth wide enough for me to ascertain if he had false teeth. The ruse was successful." What a fund of stories our captain must have! And now he will have this one to add to them.

"He would often sit on deck and look aloft at the wireless aerials and listen to the crackling of the electric spark of messages being sent by the Marconi operator. He said 'What a wonderful invention it is!'"

Wonderful indeed! If he had known what kind of a chain was stretching in the blue sky between the "Montrose's" masthead and Fleet Street he might have thought it more wonderful still. . . . But I need quote no more. If any reader of this Review can think of an instance of the miracles of science and the sacredness of authority being turned to uglier or more contemptible uses, I would like to hear of it.

The captain of a ship is in the position of commander, judge, magistrate, even of king, to every soul on board. For a judge on the bench, or a governor of a prison, or a general in the field to send reports of his doings to a newspaper would be no more improper than for a ship's captain to do what this captain has done. In addition, he was in a way the protector of this wretched pair. So long as they did not offend against the discipline of the sea he had no quarrel with them. They were flying from justice, it is true; it is also true that one of them was possibly flying to his death, and drawing nearer to the gallows with every turn of the screw. Think, if you can bear to, of the dire tragedy of this relationship; the smiles that had to be kept up outside, the terrors and tears of the cabin; the embraces mingled with the sense of impending doom and destiny; the counting of the days and nights, and ultimate sunset, ultimate daybreak, ultimate kiss or whispered word that might be the last they would ever share—and then think of Captain Kendall and the "Daily Mail" and the thing that was "too good a thing to lose".

THE MORAL OF SADLER'S WELLS.

HE was an upright young man, dressed in sober black, and with the curliest fair hair. The woman was tragically dark, in velvet and spangles, wearing what on the East End stage is supposed to be the full evening dress of a West End drawing-room. He wanted money for a good object, and she brought it him. But, alas! the money she brought was the wages of sin, and the upright young man would have none of it. Ringingly he denounced a gift of which no good could come. Then that curious thrill which sweeps at any time through any theatre, East End or West, ran through the people. I was caught by a face in the audience. It was the face of a girl, and it shone with emotion. She wore a blue hat with an enormous dyed feather that clashed hideously with the green of an outrageous bodice.

Somehow it seemed familiar. I seemed to have seen it all before—the same and yet not quite the same. I had seen that shining face in the audience, the trick of that high moral attitude behind the footlights. I had seen the fair strong man and the dark woman suffering eclipse. But the man's hair had been less curly, and the woman had been dressed in the softest of art-shades; and I could not remember the blue hat or the bodice of the girl in the audience. Then I did remember. I had seen it all before in the West of London. Now I could

even remember the play. It was a play of several seasons ago; and the strong man at the end said to the dark woman: "Go in peace; lie and betray no more", or something like it. I believe Mr. Sutro was the author of the play, and that Mr. George Alexander was the strong man; but I am not quite sure of that. The girl with the shining face on that occasion wore no hat, and the green bodice changed to a silken wrap and a pendant of amethyst and pearl. The face was more refined and a little more intelligent. But it was the same girl, and the same play, and the same theatre. One was West, and one was East; and the rest was upholstery.

But I was not yet altogether at ease. Yet another reminiscence was struggling into shape; and this time I was transported to a little theatre not of the ordinary West End sort. It was a smaller theatre, and the audience was quite remarkably serious. I looked again at the stage, and this time the talk about the wages of sin took a different turn. There was an earnest young man who refused to accept the dowry of a determined young woman, because her father had wrung it out of those who lived in tenements. He was quite an ordinary young man this time, and his hair did not curl at all; and the woman, who was vastly more respectable, was not really so nice as the woman who lied and betrayed no more, or the woman in velvet and spangles. But the money was refused, and there was a shining face in the audience. It was more intelligent even than the face of the West End girl, and it did not shine quite so much. Then I remembered all about it. The young man was Dr. Harry Trench; the young woman was Blanche Sartorius; the play was "Widowers' Houses"; and the author was Mr. Bernard Shaw.

Thus may we wander from theatre to theatre and find it still the same. Dirty money is not nice to handle, and upright young men do not like to handle it. You may go East and West and into the drama of Mr. Bernard Shaw, and the same lesson is won. If you go West, you pay a great deal more for a seat; and if you go to Mr. Bernard Shaw, he takes a respectable toll of your intelligence. In the East the lesson may be had without trouble to the mind for twopence. Drama deals with fundamental things, and the fundamental things are few. Mr. Shaw, of course, deals with them in an original way. He comes into the homily because he, like the rest, proves that drama does not differ so much in kind as in quality. It is all based on very common stuff. The difference between Mr. Shaw and, say, Mr. Melville is more than superficial, because Mr. Shaw thinks about life and Mr. Melville gives the public what it wants. But the difference between Mr. Melville and Mr. Sutro hardly exists. Intellectually the level is dead between them. Mr. Sutro and Mr. Melville (I take these authors merely as types) say the same things; but one writes for an audience whose intelligence is left at home, the other for an audience which has no time to cultivate an intelligence. Mr. Melville must shout louder than Mr. Sutro because the ears of his audience are deafened daily by the violence of life in Whitechapel. To get the thrill of blood the stage must drip with it. To keep up excitement in the intrigue things must move swiftly—plan, counterplan, a hundred plots unravelled and unravelled in a few hours. Mr. Sutro's audience is content with a single crime, if it is out for crime; and a single plot, if it is out for intrigue. But the thrill is the same, and its purveyors are on exactly the same footing. The shining face, with or without the green bodice, is the same face—while it is in the theatre. In the ordinary theatre, East or West, truth is not living truth but sentimental truth, and a coster-girl's sentiments are as true as the sentiments of a baronet's daughter. It is a fine sentiment to refuse dirty money, and a fine sentiment to forgive an erring woman, telling her to lie and betray no more; and the appreciation of such sentiments is as quick in Whitechapel as in Piccadilly. If the baronet's daughter went to Whitechapel, she might be horribly shocked by the crudity and brutality of popular melodrama. She would be amused at the working man's idea of a lord, and she would be puzzled by all the queer conventions of the people's theatre—conventions that

allow a personage to be maimed for life in Act I. and bring the heroine down a fire-escape in Act II. But these are the merest details. Mr. Melville has to give his audience what it thinks is real, just as Mr. Sutro does. If Mr. Sutro's picture of a lord is not quite so ridiculous as Mr. Melville's, Mr. Melville has the advantage when it comes to the working man. I once saw some working men on a West End stage in a play that was accepted by its admirers as a triumph of criminal realism. This play was, I believe, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. I am not sure; but I know the author was made a knight for literary purveying of sorts; and I know these working men would have been received in Whitechapel with shrieks of derision. These, again, are points of detail. The difference between the plays of Mr. Sutro and the plays of Mr. Melville is just the difference between silk and sacking as material for decoration; or the difference between calling a spade a spade and calling it something worse. If the "strong" moments are alike, the "humour" is frightfully so. The cultivated audience at the Gaiety smiles at a playful allusion to the unpopularity of a mother-in-law. The audience at Sadler's Wells shrieks at the same jest put in a broader way. Just the right amount of piquant indelicacy will delight an audience at the Alhambra, and they will take no shame to give the devil his laugh. The Alhambra audience at Sadler's Wells would be very uncomfortable, and returning it would perhaps have something to say of the grossness of the lower orders as revealed in their theatrical shows. But the delight of Sadler's Wells in the grossness of Sadler's Wells is exactly of the same quality as the delight of the Alhambra in the piquant indelicacy of the Alhambra. It is all a question of emphasis, of delivery, of the measurement of means to produce the same end in different circumstances.

Should anyone who has never visited a real theatre of the people wish to test these assertions, let him go down to Sadler's Wells. The L.C.C. tram will take him from Aldwych to the door for a penny. It is vaudeville at Sadler's Wells to-night; but there is a thrilling little play at the end where in the year 1920 the German fleet gets into the Thames. There is a German count who wants to steal the plans of the submarine mines which are to blow this fleet into the air. It is a typical patriotic melodrama of the people in miniature. Before presuming to be amused at the naïveté of it all, I would ask anyone who may go to remember that a short time since an invasion play was produced at a West End theatre, and that this play was a great success. It ran through England; it thrilled thousands of the "cultured". What is the real difference between that play from the West End and the play at Sadler's Wells? At Sadler's Wells the moustache of the foreigner is more outlandish, and his accent is grosser. The English admiral, showing his contempt for a German spy, puts all his fingers to his nose, to the immense delight of the audience. At the end a cardboard warship is blown to pieces in a realistic final tableau. But the effect on the audience and the quality of the work (measured by the brains behind it) is exactly the effect and the quality of "An Englishman's Home", produced, if I remember rightly, at Wyndham's. And the moral of Sadler's Wells is that the East End is nearest, perhaps, to the West when it goes to the theatre.

P. J.

JAPANESE SCREENS.

BY LAURENCE BINYON.

CIRCUMSTANCES, unfortunately, prevented me from noticing Sir William Eden's water-colours while they were still on view in Bury Street. Sir William has his own use of the medium, washing the colours over a vigorous loose sketch in charcoal or black chalk; at least, that seems to be the method he prefers, though sometimes the foundation of outline is dispensed with or does not appear. He aims at power of tone and rich effects more often than at the gaiety and luminosity of light tints and limpid washes;

but he preserves the character of a drawing rather than that of a painting. The drawings exhibited were of subjects taken from the landscape of Southern France and Spain, as well as from the harsher landscape of the North. The latter seems to be more congenial to the temperament of the artist, with his love of sombre purples, the purples of a winter twilight. But some of the happiest pieces were studies of flowers gleaming in the shadows of dark rooms. The landscapes were rather unequal, but betrayed a genuine emotion such as the accomplishment of so many finished water-colourists is apt to leave out.

With the closing of the Academy, a week later than usual, the season of exhibitions is reckoned as ended. But of late years there is a growing tendency to create a second little season in the holidays; and among the shows which the country visitor or the lingering Londoner may still enjoy this August I wish to notice one of particular note, the collection of Japanese screens at the British Artists' Gallery in Suffolk Street. This is by no means the least important and interesting of the various exhibitions of the art of the East which we have had the opportunity of seeing this summer. Never before has there been such a chance of studying Japanese masterpieces in England as this year at Shepherd's Bush; and never, I think, will the chance come to us again. But the method of showing these pictures, a few at a time, though the method customary in Japan, has proved a little bewildering to our public, used to an acreage of canvases; and the impression has not been, I fear, as great as it might have been, chiefly on this account. And now, unfortunately, we are deprived of the sight of the oldest and finest paintings. The roof of the rooms in which these were shown has been leaking, and the rooms are closed for repairs. That priceless treasures of art, lent for a great occasion, as an extraordinary compliment to this country, should have been exposed to such danger, argues a deplorable lack of appreciation as well as bad management on the part of those responsible for the exhibition buildings. At present only *Ukiyōe* pictures are shown. Probably the Japanese think that these are the pictures most interesting to our public, because of the general appreciation of the colour-prints in Europe. But I think this is a mistake; for the prints of Utamaro, Hokusai and the rest are, as a rule, finer than their paintings. The paintings usually disappoint most those who are fondest of the colour-prints. Among Japanese paintings it is the great screens which are likeliest to make an immediate appeal to the lovers of art in Europe. Their splendid decorative effect is something manifest and tangible. There is, as a rule, no veil of alien thought, legend or symbolism to be pierced before we can understand and enjoy. It is true they carry the conventions of Japanese art to a pitch of audacity; but these conventions are but part of the universal language of art.

The display of screens at Suffolk Street is of a dazzling richness of impression. What a contrast to our ordinary picture-shows! To our eyes the classic *kakemonos* are apt to appear too slight; we associate great painting with a certain scale and solidity of effect. These screens, on which the colour is mostly opaque and sometimes painted on a gesso encrustation, are opulent, imposing, magnificent. But instead of the richness of multiplicity in form and tone which belongs to the character of European art, the themes are simple and treated with unparalleled breadth. All is concentrated on a single idea; clusters of twining convolvulus, it may be, with their blue heads peeping over a fence—nothing more—but the idea is isolated, caressed, and so intensified to a strange degree.

Those who realise for the first time, as many have done this summer at the British Museum, the greater seriousness of the Chinese, may well be inclined to underrate the achievements of Japanese art. The screens, hardly represented in the Museum exhibition, show, however, a phase of Japanese painting in which the genius of Japan becomes most national and independent. Of course the Chinese had screens of the kind, though few seem to have survived; and great decorative pictures of the type described by Marco Polo

were probably the first models for the Japanese. In the collection at Suffolk Street is a panel described tentatively as "Corean" (No. 44), which may even be Chinese, and affords a sort of connecting link. But the great age of screen-painting in Japan was the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and *Yeitoku*, the magnificent master who, with his pupils, made the processions of the conqueror *Hideyoshi* gorgeous with endless screen-paintings set up on either side of the road by which he passed—*Yeitoku* was already trained in that *Kano* style which represented the most definitely Japanese offshoot from Chinese tradition. In the screen-paintings of this epoch the Chinese breadth and vigour were grafted on the design of the national school of *Tosa*, which had been for centuries pre-eminent for its splendid colouring. And it is in them, perhaps more than in any other phase of Japanese painting, that we find the special qualities of the Japanese genius—its buoyancy, gaiety, and a kind of martial fire—most freely disengaged.

Sanraku, *Yeitoku*'s pupil, rivalled his master; and a pair of screens at Suffolk Street, attributed to him, are, though sadly damaged, among the very finest things in the collection. One of these especially is of enchanting beauty. Under a trellis of hanging wistaria a girl moves away, her back towards us, with the black hair falling loose over a dress of simple folds, with a stippled pattern of white on white. At the other side of the design one sees part of a pavement and fence. The background, as usual, is gold, laid on in squares; but note what a variety of tones of gold these painters use! Now it is milky pale, now full and lustrous; sometimes, as in this screen by *Sanraku*, of a sombre coppery richness, well suiting the mysterious effect of the solitary figure whose face we cannot see. This figure at once reminds us of figures by that rare and wonderful artist, the master from whom all the designers of the colour-prints claim descent, *Iwasa Matabei*. To *Matabei* is attributed a large screen (No. 25), which, if not quite on the level of the one or two precious examples we have seen at Shepherd's Bush, is full of intense character and originality. Some smaller screens in the series belong to his school. With *Matabei* we may associate, as representative of the Japanese art which is fullest of the idiom of the race, the group of artists who founded the *Korin* school. *Korin* has given his name to the style, but he owes his peculiar design to *Koyetsu* and to *Sotatsu*; and *Sotatsu*, one of the greatest artists of his country, is here seen in great splendour. The finest example of his brush is the "Apparition of the Thunder-God" (No. 29), in his less usual manner, the painting being almost a monochrome with touches of gold and colour. The terror of the courtiers, one of whom half-defiantly draws his sword, is vividly portrayed. Other specimens illustrate *Sotatsu*'s mastery as a colourist. *Korin* and *Koyetsu* are also represented; but I have no space to discuss the fine screens attributed to them and must refer the reader to the admirable catalogue prepared by Mr. Arthur Morrison, whose authority as a connoisseur of Japanese art is unrivalled in Europe. The *Korin* style is sometimes spoken of as a kind of impressionism, but it is really at the opposite pole from the painting founded on the impressions of the retina. These wonderful flower-paintings, the most characteristic productions of the school, represent always an idea of flowers, a mental impression, if you will, but not a visual one. It is as if the artist, having stored up the result of day-long contemplations, and having dwelt in memory on the essential inmost life of the plants, on the strange force which thrusts them upward from the buried seed and holds them erect in so delicate a poise, on their defenceless beauty and uncomplaining fall—had created an image in his own mind more ardent and alive than any single flower's appearance, and with swift brush had thrown this image on the paper. So, with the buoyant forms of living leaf and blossom appearing out of nothing against the vibrating gold of the background, itself a mental impression of the glory of sunlight, we have a sort of beatific vision of flowers. For, indeed, to these contemplative artists of the East the life of flowering things has seemed to

symbolise the ideal beauty of a life that is disinterested, pure and radiant, and in their paintings flowers almost assume the place of angels.

FÉNELON'S ENEMIES.

BY ERNEST DIMNET.

M. JULES LEMAÎTRE chose Fénelon as the subject of his lectures last winter, and his success as usual was tremendous; I mean that all the time these lectures went on the Archbishop of Cambrai found himself most unexpectedly discussed over elegant tea-tables, and the theology of "pure love"—so long forgotten among divines—was fashionable as the big hats. Fame is indeed protean. But although M. Jules Lemaitre brought Fénelon into such wide notice, he should not be regarded as a bold inventor; the subject has been a favourite one with scholars of divers degree for a good many years, and it promises to keep the vogue for some time yet. No less than three volumes treating of it have come out in the last two months,* and in the current issue of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" M. Doumic devotes the whole of his literary chronique to it.

During almost a century and a half the picture of Fénelon which the eighteenth century had bequeathed to us remained untouched. To the believer he was the man who, being perhaps unjustly condemned by the Pope as the author of a dangerous book, had ordered a monstrance on which the archangel Michael was represented trampling the book underfoot; to the freethinker he was the first Frenchman who had broken from the doctrine of divine right and told Louis XIV. that he was only a man and not a god; to everybody he was the most fascinating admixture of the nobleman and the churchman, a writer of unique charm and the poetical incarnation of all that was refined, delicate and touching. It is probable that eight Frenchmen in ten and most foreigners preserve that same idea of him.

Among scholars, literary historians and critics, things have changed, and whereas you can hardly open a book on the seventeenth century in which Fénelon's name does not frequently occur, you seldom find it mentioned with the old unmixed respect. The most favourable speak of him as the utopian, the *bel-esprit chimérique*, as Louis XIV. used to say, who wanted to reconstruct society as well as theology, and the French language as well as female education. Brunetière regards him as a haughty aristocrat in whom paradox was a privilege of rank; others are satisfied with the blame given him by Saint-Simon, and take it for granted that he was ambition itself and did not stir a finger without some hidden purpose. These are the more lenient strictures. Recent critics have ventured upon deeper analyses of his subtle nature, and the results of their investigation are shocking. They have found in Fénelon's spiritual papers frequent admissions of his own incapacity to unravel his motives of action, of his fundamental subtlety, his attachment to his views, and even his tendency to distort facts and bend them to suit his opinion when necessary. You may be provoked, but you are no longer surprised to hear of Fénelon's mendacity, his feminine selfish disposition, his dark intriguing ways, etc. Every now and then these critics will go further and set foot on that most preserved ground, mystic theology. Fénelon's *quietism*, they feel sure, is of a piece with the rest of his tendencies; he is always in quest of his own pleasure and inclined to seek it in the most unknown paths; nothing ought to appear startling in a character so selfish and so entirely out of the way. This is opening the door to every kind of supposition, and M. Jules Lemaitre with his usual admixture of lightness and levity could not fail to see a woman in Fénelon's life: surely the archbishop never was aware that he was in love with Madame Guyon, but who knows but he was not? This is the present state of criticism with regard to a man

whom six or seven generations looked upon as one of the most beautiful specimens of humanity in an especially beautiful stage of mankind. One may easily imagine that this climax of hostility was not reached in a day; censure has to be encouraged, and the average critic is not bold; it took many a book to help him to adopt the language now obtaining. One ought to read the articles written by Sainte-Beuve sixty years ago in vol. X. of the "Causeries du Lundi", and, immediately after, M. Lanson's chapter on Fénelon in his "History of French Literature"; the contrast is amazing, and yet one can see that Sainte-Beuve knew practically all the facts of the case, only the tide had not turned yet, and he was too guarded and conscientious a critic to make it turn.

It would be useless and impossible to enter here upon a discussion of this new reading of a very great man. I shall content myself to point out that Fénelon's case is very like Newman's. Read Newman before reading his critics: you infallibly love him. Read the critics: you are puzzled and perplexed, ill at ease and unconvinced. Go back to the "Apologia", even when you are fresh from Dr. Abbott or Francis W. Newman, and the uncomfortable feeling will disappear as by magic. The only impression that will be left on you will be an uncharitable tendency to underrate the critics' power of intelligent sympathy. So it is with Fénelon; one page of his spiritual or even his familiar correspondence is enough to dwarf his opponents to a most ludicrous littleness. A man of that power is not to be disfigured by mice nibbling at little bits in a stupendous work. Not one of Fénelon's modern opponents is qualified to give a judgment on his doctrine and consequently on the spirit of it; it takes a familiarity from early childhood with the numberless subtle shades of the spiritual life, and no amount of literary erudition will do duty for that sort of instinct.

The aspect of the case with which I am here exclusively concerned is a curious paradox. The battle between Fénelon and his censors is on the same field as the old struggle between him and Bossuet, and the critics are so confident only because they think themselves shielded by the giant of Meaux. Now these critics are mostly universitaires—that is to say, professors in universities or public schools—and their tendency, apart from an exception or two, is rather anti-catholic than the reverse. How comes it that men who are avowedly freethinkers, and ought to have inherited the likings as well as the hatreds of the encyclopædistas, should part company with them in this instance, and not only attack Fénelon, who was punished for thinking freely, but follow suit with Bossuet, who stood for orthodoxy, tradition and authority, and forced rather than obtained his opponent's condemnation from Rome?

The solution of this question will throw some light on a curious development of thought in so-called scholarly and undoubtedly erudite spheres and deserves a moment's attention. The fact is that there is less theology in the case than would at first sight appear. Men like M. Crouslé, M. Gazier, or M. Lanson may be learned—and the last-mentioned is remarkably intelligent—but the controversy about "pure love" is entirely outside their province and cannot interest them. They approach the question from the literary, or at most the moral, point of view, and their theology is largely conditioned by their other tendencies. The issue with them is not Was Fénelon right and Bossuet wrong? but Did Fénelon act up to the best moral principles?

Now this last question is resolved in its turn into another. The best moral principles are simply those which we think the best, or which we suppose in the persons we admire and love most. So after all Fénelon is judged less according to his own deserts than according to his resemblance with or difference from the men whom M. Gazier and M. Crouslé admire. Who are those? Just the Port-Royalists and generally the Jansenists. Here we have to find out why and how modern freethinkers are so fond of old gentlemen who would heartily anathematise them if they were alive.

Jansenism with the average public-school professor

* "Fénelon." By M. Jules Lemaitre. Paris: Fontemoing.
"Fénelon et ses Amis." By A. Delplanque. Paris: Gabalda.
"Apologie pour Fénelon." By H. Bremond. Paris: Perrin.

and critic does not mean a variety of Calvinism tending to make the present life unpleasant and the next uncertain; it is the theological fad of men who wrote excellent French, who numbered Pascal among them, who resisted King and Pope and would give in to no violence, who were certainly most moral, and who, last but not least, and far from it, hated the Jesuits. This is the Jansenism of M. Gazier, as it was that of Sainte-Beuve.

Henceforth things must appear much clearer. Fénelon teaches a Jesuitical doctrine—that the notion of eternal damnation is subservient in the economy of salvation to that of the love of God. Consequently he is a Jesuit himself, and what is one to expect of him except Jesuitical dealings? Whereupon the critics turn to the history of the Quietist controversy and find on every page of it that the Archbishop of Cambrai, though never actually abetted by the Jesuits, did act Jesuitically. And, if he did in this particular case, he can be lawfully suspected of having done so through all his career. In fact, proofs of his double dealing are not wanting; he was a hypocrite at Versailles when tutor of the Duke of Bourgogne, and he was a conspirator at Cambrai after having been found out.

His character becomes clear the moment one understands his theology.

This is all the explanation of the antipathy of modern criticism towards a man who stood so long, in the history of literature, as one of the beloved. Here as everywhere personal likes and dislikes underlie apparently speculative opinions, and if I had more space I could show that in a book recently published M. Henri Bremond adopts the contrary attitude, taking up the cudgels for Fénelon and fairly pitching into Bossuet, largely because his religious tendency inclines him towards Fénelon's happier spiritual doctrines. Whoever prefers hearing about love rather than sin, death, and damnation will lean to the same side.

Of the probable adjustment of these conflicting views it is useless to speak. I only wanted to point out the curious anomaly of men strongly averse to authority and to harsh religious views taking the side of the Index congregation, authority and the strictest Jansenists, against the man who advocated a doctrine undoubtedly nearer to their own. Such a paradox cannot be of long duration, and I feel certain that, whenever the Jesuit ghost is laid, Fénelon will resume his old place in the sympathies of his compatriots.

WASTE.

TO any man who thinks there must come times of oppression when the want of purpose in life grows intolerable, when our civilisation seems no more than an aimless wash of appetites hither and thither, neither to the greater glory of God nor to any other end that can be discerned. In the laboratory one labels as "tropisms" those blind instinctive movements of the lower organisms towards light, towards water or food, movements which take place in mass without the spectator being able to postulate any will, any consciousness even on the part of the moving creature. Such a tidal ebb and flow of human life you may see any evening in London when the works and offices close and the streets are full of men and women hurrying towards their food; two hours later another tropism is in force, and the same men and women are abroad again, seeking for one of the multi-coloured forms in which the primitive emotion of love has disguised itself—art, music, the drama, even the excitements of talk and the contagion of a crowd. But at least these tropisms, trivial as they render any pretensions to individuality in the human units, have one mighty purpose behind them—the preservation and continuance of the race—whereas so many of the other motions of the crowd seem only directed towards waste or destruction. Let us not, however, yield even a momentary and unthinking homage to the copybook proposition that war and the preparations for war represent a merely wasteful outpouring of the

best human endeavour. Existence is but a state of warfare, and even the lavish destruction of a great battle may be economically justified by the higher pulse which beats in the nation's veins and the flowering period which sets in with the next generation. Nature, indeed, is reckless of waste where the next generation is concerned—the countless eggs in the roe of a herring, the thousands of poppy seeds for one that brings a plant to maturity, are commonplace examples; but the object is plain and the waste no more than what the engineer would call the "factor of safety". It has been reserved for man to invent waste for its own sake, waste for the pure purpose of lowering his race in this generation and the next.

But what profits indignation in contemplating the actions of mankind? Was not the detachment of the careless gods better, their amusement at the spectacle of man putting out his finest intellect and all his energies in the invention of machinery that has only rendered his day's toil more fierce and more tedious? If you want to taste this irony to the full, sweet or bitter according to your general outlook on your fellow-men, you must visit that spectacle which now is provided in London to demonstrate how helpless the artist nation of the East has been against the contagion of our barbarism. There you may see on the one hand a sword, on the other a drawing, that give the lie to the whole of their environment of modern commerce and advertisement, and many like sights to soothe your humour and your pride until it occurs to you to wonder what net fate has set for your feet also.

But there is one building there over which the goddess of irony most surely presides; it is shaped like a shrine, and a shrine it is wherein the up-to-date alone is worshipped and the true goddess is unseen. The temple illustrates a process, and first you are shown the destructive side only; screen after screen defiles before you of the solemn virgin forest growing inviolate on shores washed by the cold northern ocean. Enter the man of to-day, and a town springs into being with the sole object of converting these noble trees into pulp, the material pulp which, stained with the spiritual pulp of certain men, shall become London's newspaper. Square mile by square mile the forest falls; every morning's output, that by evening has become mere litter underfoot, represents the harvest of a century's crop over many broad acres. What an end for a forest tree which has held its head high through so many storms, which stood beautiful upon the mountains, which was alive itself and sheltered many other fair children of life! It might have become the mast of a mighty ship or the roof-tree of a great house in which many generations of men abode; had it even been burnt it would still have shared in the kindly life of men and have been resolved into its elements in the act of doing service. But there are no worse indignities than await the old newspaper—shabby, trampled underfoot, blown disfiguring on the wind, swift flame its kindest end, and then it disengages only a temporary and useless heat. But there are lower depths than newspapers, as we were shown after this triumphant demonstration of the speed with which a forest may be devoured. We were led to a mighty machine, a towering miracle of shining steel, the material expression of many subtle intellects, much deep thinking, long and arduous fights with the stubbornness of nature. If the whole drama involved in that machine could have been unfolded many books would have been required to set it down: here a mechanism that represented the lifelong quarrel of two rivals, there a motion that cost one man his reason and another his fortune before it was perfected, there an electrical control that took shape out of a triumphant piece of transcendental mathematics. The machine was in charge of men who in themselves were examples of the finest product of our times, highly trained mechanics skilled in brain and fingers, proud of the magnificent tool they wielded, pleased and able to explain its points, properly proud too of themselves and their own power. And this great shining beast was being swiftly fed with the mighty rolls of what once had been pine trees, fed with power that had been coal and forest in its

turn; and with every mechanism in full play, even guiding intellect tense and active, the final transformation of the forests was now emerging in a headlong flood, a furious wave that in a few hours' time would eddy east, west, north and south into every street and alley of the kingdom, and this wave, this outcome of the hidden wealth of power, intellect and human endeavour consisted of neatly folded copies of "Classy Cuts"! The wheel has come full circle: surely an end is set?

"I too await

The hour of thy great wind of love and hate.
When shall the stars be blown about the sky,
Like the sparks blown out of a smithy, and die?
Surely thine hour has come, thy great wind blows."

CORRESPONDENCE.

TOTEMS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 August 1910.

SIR,—I am away from books, and cannot find the origin of my phrase about the Banks' Islanders. But I have no doubt that Mr. Lang's correction is entirely right. I should have said that the Banks' Islands belief seems to point, or is considered by Dr. Frazer to point, to an original ignorance of male parentage like that found still existing in many Australasian tribes.

I should like to observe that my offence lies not in suppressing a point that tells against my own view, but only in stating too favourably a view of Dr. Frazer's from which I ventured to differ.

Yours faithfully,

GILBERT MURRAY.

EGYPTIAN RACES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Royal Societies Club S.W. 26 July 1910.

SIR,—Will you permit me, by the insertion of this letter, to terminate for the present my correspondence on the subject of the Egyptian question and races in the SATURDAY REVIEW?

I am sorry that Mr. Garnett thinks that I have failed in accurately interpreting the expression of his views in two particulars. Creeds and ethics have an intimate connexion. The reference, however, to Coptic Christianity could have had no individual application, as I had no knowledge of his opinion on the subject. Any misconception on the point of application can be removed by reading on to the plural pronouns. I must admit that to some it might seem that my expression "It is nevertheless inconceivable" etc. contains the inference which Mr. Garnett disclaims. It is plain that the authorities alluded to desired a gradual, not an abrupt, abolition. I gladly withdraw, with regrets for possible misconstruction, an inference which may be implied in the expression.

It is a small matter, but on my own side I have to repudiate having in any letter written anything which locates alleged acts of brigandage in the Delta. An assertion of the kind involves ignorance of local conditions. It is probably due to my obtuseness, but I fail to connect either facility or difficulty of capture in any part of Egypt with the hypothetical reason I suggested for silence on the part of victims.

These are details. Touching the broad question with which I set out in this correspondence, I heartily welcome the frank admission that "the Fellahin are the mainspring of Egypt", and that on account of favourable and unfavourable characteristics they are the class "entitled to protection and guidance". I qualify "primarily" by the fair and honourable inclusion of the Copts as to protection and guidance too in the path of manly assertion of just claims and rights long withheld. The Fellah is the chief producer of wealth. Where would the bondholder have been without him? To his skilful and technical husbandry is largely due, notwithstanding the strong infusion in him of Arab blood there, the "vast ploughed field" of the Delta, the splendid fertility of the Fayum, and the extraordi-

nary productiveness of large areas of land watered by the laboriously worked shaduf, and the like. He must be an extraordinarily complex personage. Sometimes he is a mere child, and to be treated as such. Again, he is addicted to dangerous political intrigues, involving considerable intelligence and far-seeing acumen. On the one hand, he is a rank and rabid fanatical Mohammedan. On the other, he lives on peaceful and amicable terms in the villages with his neighbour the Copt. In riding near and through the villages during several winters I personally rarely witnessed by outward and visible signs the usual Moslem physical exercises of excessive and punctual observances of religion on the part of the agricultural toilers. If such devotees are seen they are usually Arabs. In Algeria I have had the opposite experience.

To be ruled (even now, I venture to suspect, occasionally with the aid of the stick) by a Sheik-belled, who in his turn is kept in check by the Omdar, whose reports go to the Mudir, who transmits them to the Ministry, to be dealt with by the department to which they belong, may add in one sense to one's self-importance; but, awesome and expensive as such a form of government must be, I confess I fail to trace in it even a vestige of "an excellent modified self-government". I hope the Cassandra-like prophecies of Mr. Garnett in regard to the native army and police will never be verified. Riff-raff, it must be borne in mind, are not peculiar as an element of the population to Port Said and Alexandria; they exist in towns both east and west.

But, brushing aside fearsome possibilities in the future which are not confined to Egyptian politics, and the factor of non-indigenous residents, the broad fact remains that the vast majority of the inhabitants are Egyptians. They are made up chiefly of the Fellahin, with a minority of Copts. Taking them as they are, is it an impossible feat of statesmanship to win over these people to real loyalty to and sympathy with the British Rah, and to educate and fit them for local self-government in the future? So far as the Copts are concerned, it ought not to involve obstacles of great difficulty.

I can quite understand that Mr. Garnett was puzzled by the statement in the last paragraph of my letter of 16 July. It is true that in the Delta the Fellahin have for the most part been Mohammedan since the eighth or ninth century; in Upper Egypt—as opposed to the Arab—the Fellahin were in a large measure Christian up to the anarchic period of the eighteenth century. Trustworthy travellers—among whom was J. Michael Wansleb, on "Present State of Egypt", 1678, trans.—bear witness that in the seventeenth century the majority were still Copts. In favour of the claim of the Copts to government leadership in the future, it ought to be borne in mind that all through the centuries of Mohammedan persecution they contrived to keep the actual administration of the country in their own hands. It was not until the English occupation that they were deprived of the higher posts. At the present moment the Inspector-General of the Postal Administration is a Copt, and it is admitted by some, who are by no means inimical to the existing régime, that this is one of the few well-managed administrations in Egypt.

In conclusion, let me add that personally I try to reach the truth underlying such questions as these without altogether viewing them through the eye of the missionary or the newspaper correspondent, or the eye of anybody else. The effort itself, at any rate, is a useful discipline, and, hard though it is, it has some consoling features.

As to Austria and Herzegovina, they are not Egypt.

Yours faithfully, A. B. SAYCE.

SPECIMENS OF JACOBIN HUMANITARIANISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Mount S. Mary's College, Chesterfield,

19 July 1910.

SIR,—On this day, when religious Frenchmen recall with reverence the memory of that tender apostle of mercy and charity Vincent de Paul, allow me to notice

in your columns two recent samples of the opposing vices in French apostles of "laicism". Our dailies, for the most part, are so taken up with the peace- and liberty-loving theories of M. Briand and his abettors that apparently they have no space for enlightening their readers upon the way these worthies apply the same in daily practice to French Catholics.

Here are two instances, reported circumstantially in "La Croix" for 19 July, page 2: (1) At Douai a Dr. Jacomet summoned four nuns of the authorised congregation of Saint Anne to nurse patients in his hospital. Hereupon these ladies were arraigned by the Public Prosecutor for the new-found crime of "reconstituting a congregation". The lower court of Douai—and ordinary common sense—decided that going to nurse sick people in a doctor's house did not amount to founding a religious establishment. A higher court reversed this acquittal, and fined the four ladies sixteen francs each! Their appeal to Cassation resulted in the confirmation of this iniquitous sentence. (2) At La Chapelle-sur-Ploërmel two nuns "of the Holy Ghost" had been devoting themselves for the space of forty years and more to educating children and nursing the sick. By order of the authorities their house was broken into, windows smashed and doors forced. The sister in charge was driven out. She, being afflicted with heart complaint, swooned away through the shock into the arms of the official burglars. This deed was done before an indignant and sorrowing crowd.

One might in any single week cull from the same journal equally choice specimens of anti-clerical savagery against devoted women who spend themselves year after year upon works of beneficence towards their fellow-citizens.

Judging from the varying issues of the suits instituted by the "Amicales" against French bishops, it was quite probable that the Sisters of Saint Anne would have gone scot-free. But that is because French sentences in Catholic causes are to-day governed, not by principles of justice and equity, but by the degree of anti-clerical or Masonic bias on the bench.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,
F. M. DE ZULUETA S.J.

GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

22 Old Square, Lincoln's Inn W.C.

27 July 1910.

SIR,—More than a year ago you allowed me to address you on the subject of the treatment and ultimate destination of the Glastonbury ruins. Since then the press has given us from time to time interesting and satisfactory accounts of excavations and discoveries, carried out under the supervision of Mr. Nigel Bond; but we are surely not to conclude that it is for antiquarian reasons only that the Church has bought back Glastonbury. Many Churchmen are hoping that visitors will be afforded some opportunity of worship, preferably in S. Mary's Chapel, which is so rich in associations, and still possesses solid walls to which a simple roof could easily be added.

There are, however, in this connexion two facts upon which one would plead for some comment from those in authority: (a) Two years ago the Bishop assured the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings that no attempt would be made to disturb the ruins or to bring any portions back into use; (b) in the Architectural Room at the Royal Academy there has been hanging for the past few months a "Reconstruction of S. Mary's Chapel, Glastonbury", by W. D. Caroe, which shows that a very complete "restoration" is (I presume) contemplated.

One cannot help feeling that while (a) would prove the Church authorities to be lamentably ignorant of the true interest of the "cradle of British Christianity", (b) would almost inevitably involve so complete a reconstruction as to destroy the archaeological value of the existing remains.

Where so much has been destroyed, every stone should be sacred, not only to the antiquarian expert, but to the Catholic Christian.

Yours etc.,

B. C. BOULTER.

AN IMPERTINENT LETTER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

2 August 1910.

SIR,—In a Note in the last SATURDAY you point out how the clever, ambitious man in the ring is subject to limited competition; but the clever, ambitious man "outside the ring, without any money or without family name and influence, is exposed to unlimited competition". And you continue: "This man, when he succeeds, is doubtless, as a rule, a stronger performer than the other. But only very rarely, of course, does he succeed; the odds against him are too great altogether. That is why in party politics, as in other branches of English life, one often finds brilliant men soured and in the end wasted".

An admirably expressed statement of incontrovertible fact. But you ignore the evolution of humanity. Nature is interested only in raising the level of the ocean of humanity; she is indifferent as to the wave-tops. In Cobbett's bare English, crops don't grow of themselves; it is the best manure which gives the best crops. The successful but mark the progress of the world; those greater, the failures, determine the form of progress of the world: their bones, forgotten, but interred in the ground, make the soil for the success of the few.

The brilliant man, successful, bores one with his egoism; few even of our friends can bear new titles without some loss of humanity. But the brilliant man who has failed in personal success is seldom, I think, soured, nor is his life wasted. If we are lucky enough to know such a one as a friend, communion with him always strengthens us morally for the battle of life. What you write as to failure is true, but it is true also that the brilliant man often fails from the very strength of his personality, which cannot bend to subjection under the rule of inferiors; he often fails, too, because he cannot make friends with unrighteous mammon. Evolution is heartless, it destroys not only the worst but the best—the average man survives. The really brilliant "first class" man seldom or never succeeds personally—his crop of success may be garnered long years after his death. The successful, admirable as many may be, belong to the "second class" of humanity. The first class all fail in diplomacy. And some degree of diplomacy is requisite for personal success.

Your obedient servant,

F. C. CONSTABLE.

THE IMPORTANT COMMA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

53 Church Street, Cape Town,

10 July 1910.

SIR,—Will you allow me in your Review to bring before the notice of those chiefly concerned two very common faults in the printing of books? I refer to the frequent misplacing of the mark of exclamation after or in connexion with quotations, and also to the use of the grave accent instead of the acute over French words, seldom I think vice versa.

With regard to the first, when a writer quotes a passage in inverted commas, with a view to express surprise at it, we often find the printer includes the mark of exclamation within the inverted commas instead of outside them—thus spoiling the whole sense and effect. The grave instead of the acute accent is also disastrous and very illiterate. We are astonished often at the bad mistakes French writers make in our English titles, but they must be as much surprised at our so usual jumble of their accents.

Your obedient servant,

T. B. BLATHWAYT.

REVIEWS.

A "REAL" BALZAC?

"A Study of Balzac." By Frederick Lawton. London: Grant Richards. 1910. 15s. net.

TO speak disrespectfully of the equator is not nearly so heinous a crime to-day as to question the greatness of Balzac; yet while all men agree about his eminence, hardly two can be found in harmony as to what qualities or characteristics of his work make him great. So various, not to say variegated, are the opinions of different critics that one cannot readily understand how he has kept his reputation, much less how that reputation has steadily grown during fifty years and is even now growing. For instance, Mr. Henry James' position—very clearly expounded more than once—is that though no separate portion of a Balzac novel deserves high praise, the complete novel may do so: it is life itself, says Mr. James. So the whole is greater than its parts—which after all is frequently true of a work of art. Mr. George Moore will have it that to read Balzac is to doom oneself thenceforward to view the world and life through Balzac's eyes and temperament. Mr. Max Beerbohm in these pages a while back crystallised and interpreted a very common feeling by conceding Balzac to be a stupendous figure in literature, only—he could not get through a chapter. An unconscious but very obvious desire to fall in with the general feeling while not accepting the general verdict leads many to confound the man with his work; in effect, though the man was not great, the work is, and though the work is not great, the man was. We wonder what an ordinarily intelligent modern novel reader, if he read a few books on Balzac for the first time, would think of it all. He would find himself in a horrible muddle. Mr. James might have shot a clear ray of light into the confusion had he not been Mr. James, and therefore incapable of regarding fiction from any other than his own very exasperating standpoint, the standpoint which makes his own fiction just what it is. He involves himself and his readers in a bewildering maze of intricate and quite un-vital subtleties, a labyrinth leading nowhere. Mr. Moore's contention cannot be allowed; as he would use the phrase, there is not a Balzac-man alive: no one save Balzac has looked through Balzac's eyes at humanity and human activities and weaknesses and sins. The frank confession, if humorous paradox, of Mr. Beerbohm represents the general opinion very accurately; the majority of people feel Balzac's greatness, but they find no pleasure in reading him. An analogous case is Bach's: many intelligent folk are sensible of his power, but he soon oppresses them and ends by fatiguing them.

Balzac's high renown might appear a bit of a mystery; but we must remember that the public never forms opinions about an artist who has for over half a century been dead . . . it only accepts them. The public does indeed form opinions, most often as strong as they are erroneous, about the living. Benjamin West, Nash, Dr. Arne, Montgomery, were worshipped far and wide in their day, even as Miss Corelli has her admirers in ours; Keats, Shelley, Blake, Mozart, were passed over and died unnoticed. But after death comes the real human judgment: some reputations are shattered to fragments, some are confirmed, some created. The finest and strongest spirits of the next or a succeeding generation may differ about all other matters; but if they concur in thinking highly of any particular artist, who is not there to speak for himself, whom it is nobody's interest to boom, they impose their will and their verdict on the crowd; and the sapient beast bows its head and says, and believes, it has thought so all along. So a reputation swiftly grows into a tradition, and the next question is, Will the commonly accepted tradition become a vital belief, understood and based on an acquaintance with the artist's actual achievements? It seems as though Balzac were passing from one stage to the other. For a long time none has dared to

disregard him—too many men (and women) of power have spoken for that; now we are beginning to read him, and in reading him to find a joy: we are beginning to love him with that love which engenders understanding. He has been a Johnson without a Boozey, a big personality imposed on mankind, few of mankind knew why; he will soon be as a Dickens or Thackeray—some will say as a Meredith and George Eliot also—a personality known from his writings. While the tradition of lesser men is fading, there is vitality, heat and energy in his work to ripen his traditional fame into a living fame, not musty but fresh and green.

We should not care to say that Mr. Frederick Lawton's book will do much for him. It savours of one of those attempts to give us "the real So-and-so". Mr. Lawton will probably repudiate the suggestion that he intended anything of the sort; but we have read his book with care—and, it should be added, always with interest and in some parts with enjoyment—and we do not find the sympathy and love requisite to draw for us a true and proportioned portrait of the man. For want of those indispensable qualities he leaves us with an impression, not very definite, but sufficiently so to be unpleasant, of his having come very close to the ghoul's work of scratching with dirty finger-nails in the grave of a dead man's secrets. Portions of the picture have verisimilitude: Balzac's wondrous rapacity, counterbalanced and explained, though not justified, by an equally wondrous capacity for spending; Balzac's feverish energy, inexhaustible powers of endurance, mighty concentration; his many love affairs conducted with the same fiery passion, force and—as long as each affair lasted—persistence as he manifested in everything else he undertook. But when we consider the account of his financial dealings we perceive that only half the story is told. Only half can ever be told, only half of the picture be painted. Mr. Lawton has dug out much new material concerning Balzac's life: he lets us into part of many secrets. But it seems impossible now to get at the whole of any one secret, and to give only a part constitutes an injustice to Balzac. Though he can be made to appear dishonourable in taking money from many women, these women were all willing to give (even as women willingly gave to Wagner and Liszt): apparently they were aware they were getting value for their money. In a word, if Mr. Lawton had been more sympathetic he would have been fairer, both to Balzac as his subject and to himself as Balzac's biographer. The portions of the book devoted to a literary criticism of the "Comédie Humaine" are not distinguished by any marvellous insight: the author of "Père Goriot" and "Eugénie Grandet" worked on too vast a plan for the foot-rule method to prove of much avail. The body of Balzac-readers is increasing in number every day, and it will require a critic possessing much more than Mr. Lawton's gifts to impose his will upon them. It is far too late to log-roll Balzac, and it is too late to earn a name for fairness merely by depreciating him. Damning with faint praise may damn the small fry; but in the case of the giants it is the damner who is damned.

TRAFAVGAR.

"The Campaign of Trafalgar." By Julian S. Corbett. London: Longmans. 1910. 16s. net.

THE old-fashioned compiler of naval history has followed Queen Anne, and with the rise of a new school of writers the sceptics, who could see in the past no guidance for the future, are slowly disappearing. Still, there is much to be done, workers are few, and the Lecturer in History to the War College is the first of his countrymen to produce a detailed account of the Trafalgar campaign. No one will regret having had to wait, for Mr. Corbett understands how to make the most of any subject he takes in hand. In case the currents and cross-currents set up in the conflict of contending wits confuse and leave his readers castaway, Mr. Corbett takes the precaution to tell them at the outset that the Trafalgar campaign has a military side,

and was in nature essentially offensive ; he then starts to remove all excuse for misconception by a full consideration of Pitt's war policy, the ideas underlying it, the difficulties of the diplomatic situation, and their disturbing influence on strategical arrangements. Out of the foggy atmosphere of diplomatic correspondence a little group of transports soon heaves in sight, giving a first glimpse of Craig and his soldiers destined by fate to force Napoleon's hand and drive Villeneuve from Cadiz. An eye should be kept on these troops bound oversea, or one of the principal lessons of the campaign may be lost. With this caution to students of amphibious strategy the reviewer must part company to concentrate at the one or two points where he expects seamen to gather for the genial pastime of breaking heads. A likely spot is where Mr. Corbett pauses to discuss the value of battle units, though there is no shirking the fact that without an equation of some sort it is an impertinence to pass judgment on the strategy or tactics of the campaign. After examining the opposing squadrons as they stood on the chess-board, and weighing the opinions of the men who had to handle them, Mr. Corbett is persuaded we are fairly safe in assuming a 74 gunship to be one unit and a three-decker two units ; he also draws attention to the "unrated battery" of heavy carronades which "Barfleur" and other critics have missed in estimating weight of broadside at this period. The importance of fighting values becomes apparent when we get off Trafalgar and scrutinise Nelson's "probable order of battle".

Napoleon's order to Decrès to re-arm certain types of ships, including seventy-fours, on the all-big-gun one-calibre system, marks a point where adherents of the "matériel school" may stop to shake hands, for Napoleon was a gunnery expert ; unfortunately for his reputation as an exponent of naval warfare, he managed to run his head against the rudimentary teaching of the art with a perseverance so amazing that Frenchmen still seek in his ill-designed schemes subtle deception rather than sheer incapacity. As a set-off to their legendary Napoleon we Englishmen have our legendary Nelson.

"I am now set up for a conjurer, and they will very soon find I am far from being one", wrote the real Nelson to his friend Keats. Nevertheless, a conjurer he has remained, and this is not fair, since Nelson foretold the future by using his wits, and seers scarcely need any. "No man was ever better served than Nelson by the inspiration of the moment, no man ever counted on it less", says Captain Mahan, and the truth of the remark is borne out by the wariness of his attitude before setting off for the West Indies, and in his fine determination to guarantee first the safety of his station.

Nelson had a full share of common sense, and in this he was not singular. The history of the Trafalgar campaign abounds in examples showing how fate can be mastered if work is performed in an intelligent manner. Through constant use of the faculty of reasoning, officers developed extraordinary skill at drawing inferences and in applying rules of construction to orders and instructions. For shrewd hard-headed calculation, based on professional knowledge, few things can beat Barham's original device for intercepting Villeneuve on his lines of approach whilst keeping the squadrons at Brest, Rochefort, and Ferrol in check, and Mr. Corbett is able to extract a principle and frame a rule from the correct conduct of Bickerton and Collingwood, forced to decide whether and to what extent orders from home might be modified to meet an unusual activity at Cartagena unknown to the Admiralty.

Commanding officers of cruisers are frequently found interpreting evidence and carrying out their responsible duties with "nous" quite remarkable, and as Mr. Corbett keeps a sharp look-out on these gentry, and supplies us with charts, we are placed in a good position to understand the war-game and grasp the moves of the chief players.

When want of news caused uncertainty of outlook, opportunities for error of judgment were reduced to a minimum by reliance on well-established practice of

the sea service. Nelson had old Mediterranean tradition to back his action in following the enemy on leaving the straits, and Orde's closing movement was made in accordance with sound precedent. Orde has been roughly treated by critics, and Mr. Corbett tries to clear his memory, laying stress on the steps taken by Orde to transmit intelligence and keep touch with Villeneuve with the few cruisers at his use. Another flag officer also gets fair hearing. It is easy to condemn Calder, but Calder could plead in defence the paralysing effect of a "fleet in being" expounded by Torrington, and Mr. Corbett might have made an even stronger case for appeal. Admiral Colomb, reviewing the circumstances, said Calder "had to remember" the Ferrol and Rochefort ships, and if Mr. Corbett is right in assuming Calder's real defence should have been that "the real intent of Barham's orders was never explained to him", it seems hardly logical to blame him for taking a look round to ascertain his duty. The description of the engagement fought by this much-abused officer will attract attention from those interested in the "Nelson touch", for it suggests that Calder's action gave Nelson a hint for the "most brilliant conception" of his Trafalgar Memo. Calder meant to concentrate on the enemy's rear and centre, and was frustrated by the Spaniards wearing to succour the rear. Mr. Corbett thinks this successful parry led Nelson to search for some security against like interference in the future ; he discovered it in the principle of concealment, which, put in practice at Trafalgar, prevented the enemy knowing on which part of the line he intended to throw his own squadron. Mr. Corbett holds to the opinion expressed in his book on "Fighting Instructions" as to the tactics of Nelson's last battle. He has evidently been put on his mettle to defend his theory of a perpendicular attack against the assault made upon it by Mr. Thursfield, and the arguments brought forward in support go far to justify his contention that the attack "in intention, risk, and daring", was vertical, and delivered in line ahead with full knowledge of risk run and advantage to be secured. An ingenious deduction from fighting values, close analysis of the Memo, and minute inspection of signals and ships' logs help him to prove Nelson had discounted the risk of an attack in line ahead. Contemplating the possibility of advantage in such a method of onset, he had originated the idea of combining the two principles of high speed and massing guns to the utmost at the point of shock by placing the three-deckers in the van of his line.

The Appendix contains a catalogue of lists and plans showing the manner of engaging at Trafalgar. It makes no mention of the first plan signed by Magendie, now in the Archives of the Ministry of Marine, which was reproduced in a book Mr. Fraser styled "The Enemy at Trafalgar". This plan appears to have been drawn up on board the "Neptune", and, being dated 6 Brumaire, is earlier than the one referred to by Mr. Corbett. We must conclude this very inadequate survey of a book which will rank amongst our naval classics with a quotation anent passing troops oversea : "Recent writers have commented on the ease with which we passed military expeditions in the height of the Trafalgar campaign, but it is submitted such complacency is wholly unwarranted, both Craig and Baird had run the gravest risk of destruction".

A BEAUTIFULLY PRINTED BOOK.

Quinti Horati Flacci Opera omnia cura E. C. Wickham. London : The Riccardi Press. 1910. 16s. net.

LET us say at once that this is not only a beautiful edition of Horace, but, as far as anything may be so called, nearly, or really, a perfect one. It is a fortunate thing that the first classic issued by the Riccardi Press in its original language should be Horace. Vergil, Catullus, Propertius, Lucretius, were rarer poets ; partly for that very reason they have not to us moderns the same wide appeal that Horace has. Had the present

been an edition of Catullus or Propertius certainly, in all probability had it been an edition of Vergil, it could not have hoped for so general a welcome from us. Horace is one of the first Latin authors with whom in our schoolboy days we made acquaintance. To how many a man an acquaintance, valued and cherished, after all these years he remains! Most of us were never, alas! what by any stretch of language could be called classical scholars. Such modicum of classical scholarship as we once possessed has grown sadly rusty. Yet the fascination of the classics still lingers over us, from time to time even poignantly asserts itself. We wish to heaven we had made better use of our school-days, of our college days. What would we not give to read these Greeks and Latins with some reasonable ease, to recover even so moderate an ease with them as was once ours? But Horace—ah! thank goodness, him we can still take down from our shelves, dip into, have really an enjoyable half-hour with. We could not pass an examination in him—no, no! Hardly one of the Odes could we construe straight off without some shameful blunder that years ago would have sent us to the bottom of the class. Only for our own private delectation he does still remain for us an open book of exquisite delight. There is no tutor looking over our shoulder now and calling us to account. We miss, no doubt, on every page a hundred niceties and beauties; yet with what relish we repeat to our own private ear incomparable turn after incomparable turn of dainty fancy or felicitous observation! Yes, Quintus Horatius Flaccus, brother-poets—there they stand upon our shelves revered indeed, yet reverenced from afar; they nowadays are beyond us: but Horace, Horace in many ways doubtless beyond us too, has still his word for us—graceful, delicate, pathetic, trenchant, not unkindly, not too profound, always observant, always apt and polished to admiration.

And so we congratulate the Riccardi Press on having selected Horace for their first venture in the classics; we may reasonably prophesy success for it, we heartily wish it success. Here is a beautiful edition of a favourite, we had almost written a popular, author, which practically as well as artistically will command itself to all his admirers. Let us stay a moment over its practical virtues. Of recent years fine editions of famous works have been given us bountifully. But so many of them have been what one may call collectors' editions, their type beautiful yet difficult to read, their size and weight impracticable for handling at one's ease just when one happens to be in the mood for reading, their price prohibitive save to wealth or extravagance—*éditions de luxe* literally, books which their possessors gaze on and show their friends, but never dream of using, dare not use. Alas! we have come in consequence to think of a fine edition with some suspicion; it will prove at best but a charming curiosity.

The present volume is open to none of these objections: it is not too costly, it is sufficiently light and convenient in the hand, it has ample yet not extravagant margins of admirable hand-made paper tempting us to marginalia, its type is as clear and pleasant to the eyes as any type ever designed. We hunt for some practical objection to lay against it, and, frankly, we find none. And yet for mere beauty of appearance in binding, paper, arrangement, printing, lettering, it holds its own with the rarest examples of the book-producer's art which recent years have shown us. This is high praise, but it is honest praise thoroughly deserved.

The point of peculiar interest in this Horace is of course its type, a type lately designed for the Riccardi Press publications by Mr. Herbert P. Horne. It is founded on a fine Italian model of the fifteenth century; founded on it, but by no means merely imitative of it. As far back as 1888 Mr. Horne seriously turned his attention to the question of type and the beautiful designing of the printed page. His almost unrivalled instinct for what is fine in this particular branch of craftsmanship found expression two-and-twenty years since in the pages of "The Hobby-Horse", of which he was at that time co-editor; and we have no hesitation in saying that our later advancement in the art,

which he was amongst the first to care for, has been due to his initiation more largely than on the whole, perhaps, we have quite recognised. Let honour be given to whom honour is due: and this latest effort of Mr. Horne's exquisite sense of proportion and his sanity in design is an admirable crown of his efforts begun almost a quarter of a century ago.

Dilettanti, connoisseurs, pedants will tell us that the products of the Italian presses at the end of the fifteenth century, in the first years of the sixteenth, are incomparable, that no modern printed books can hope to stand against them. Even in pedantry, connoisseurship, dilettantism, some dimly discernible element of truth there may no doubt be found. Apart from the essential beauty of these early books, the essential beauty of their design—apart, too, from the undeniable charm which the mellowing hand of Time lends to all works of art—there is in them an irresistible fascination due to the sensitiveness, the freedom from mechanical, rigid accuracy, which always characterise fine hand-work. It is these qualities which never fail to make for sheer beauty a first-rate manuscript superior to a first-rate printed book. In the *Ansiedi Madonna* of Raphael in the National Gallery there runs round the base of the Virgin's throne the well-known Greek key-pattern; it is drawn there very freely, quite inaccurately, and is entirely charming; and you feel at once how much of that charm would be clean gone had it been drawn with mathematical precision. A printed page even of the finest time has necessarily a certain mechanical precision absent from a written page, and so far it is less interesting, less beautiful than the manuscript. A printed page of the finest modern work has necessarily a certain mechanical precision greater than that of an early printed page, and so far it is less interesting, less beautiful. Let us grant this, but let us also face the fact that it is inevitable; any attempt nowadays in what is largely a mechanical process such as printing to imitate the inequalities of the art in its early stages would be nothing but an affectation, a ridiculous and annoying affectation. Owing to modern conditions of production this particular element of charm, then, in our printed books we can no longer have: but every other element of charm, the design of the type, for instance, the setting of it on the page, the quality of the paper—these things we can have without any affectation, perfectly; and let us now end by saying that here in this edition of Horace we actually have them. It is as Albert Dürer once said of one of his drawings, "The thing cannot be better done"—and there is an end of it.

A FRENCH VIEW OF INDIA.

"Administrative Problems of British India." By M. Joseph Chailley. Translated by Sir W. Meyer. London: Macmillan. 1910. 10s. net.

HERE is no more illuminating and useful critic of British administration in India than an informed and impartial foreigner. Of them all the French writers are best. Experience of their own possessions in India and the Further East gives their work something more than academic interest. Also they can write at the same time with sympathy and with detachment. The list of names is long—Darmesteter, Chevillon, d'Humière, de la Mazelière, with a host of others—and M. Chailley stands high among them. He has an intimate personal knowledge of the Far East which includes two lengthy visits to India. His book is the fruit of twenty years' thought and ten of actual labour. It has not lost by translation, Sir W. Meyer himself being a high authority.

The ultimate problems to which M. Chailley addresses himself are political. He begins with a very comprehensive survey. The physical and climatic aspects of India, its ethnology, languages and religions, its social and economic conditions, agriculture and education, the progress of social and religious reforms, the legal, judicial and executive systems, land tenures, the native States and their relations with the British Government—all these matters are fairly and concisely

examined in some detail. A disproportionately large space is occupied by a minute examination of the legislative and judicial systems and the administration of justice under the British Government. Next to education the administration of justice is the part of our rule most open to criticism. No experienced observer is likely to quarrel with M. Chailley's conclusions. He finds the procedure too complicated. Under the influence of English lawyers an impossible standard of proof is set up, and the evils which follow from failure of substantial justice are insufficiently recognised. The systems in short are imperfectly adapted to the conditions of the community. There are far too many lawyers and too much law. Justice is consequently slow and costly. The elaborate precautions benefit the rich and cunning at the expense of the poor. Simplification would be agreeable to the people at large. The executive, European and native, asks for remedies, and it is supported by the weight of native opinion, "but not by the Babus, the University men, the Bar, or the Radical party in England". The Bar obtains its recruits from the Babus and the University men. The Radical party takes its opinions from the other three. Elsewhere M. Chailley describes the Radical party as the standing parliamentary opposition to any Indian Government in power. These sections would be found useful by our own statesmen and by those peripatetic politicians whose object is to weaken the executive and exalt the judiciary. Particularly they might refer to the estimate here given of the panchayats or village councils, which some of them desire to reconstitute as popular tribunals. The people, M. Chailley affirms, no longer believe in them, and would use them only on compulsion. They prefer European judges.

From the outset M. Chailley has firmly grasped that India is not a country but a continent, which admits of no universal generalisation and has no pretension to any national unity. If, he writes, there should ever emerge an homogeneous Indian people with a single language and a common patriotism she will owe this to Europe, which means to the British. This is the verdict also of M. de la Mazelière : "L'unité de l'Inde ne pourra se faire que lentement et sous l'influence d'une puissance occidentale". The Bengali demagogues who seek to supplant British rule are thus perversely bent on destroying the only agency by which their avowed objects can be effected. Both these writers see here in different degrees a justification for the maintenance of British sovereignty. Nevertheless each at a certain point seems to permit his reasoning on material issues to be influenced by what he regards as a departure from some abstract conception of natural law and justice.

The chapter on economic conditions is perfunctory. In his strictures on the character of the Indian people M. Chailley somewhat fails in his usual insight and sympathy. Perhaps because it is outside the purpose of his work, he does not attempt a serious survey of the immense material benefits India has gained under British rule. Yet this prosperity is not only our best justification, but it indicates the lines on which French colonial administrators, for whom he also writes, could best proceed.

The champions of an imaginary Indian nationality might usefully consult M. Chailley's estimate of the so-called National party. He describes it in a pregnant passage as "a party of privilege, a concourse of representatives of the high castes and rich classes, which is really a stranger to the nation on whose behalf it professes to speak". It replaces true Indian patriotism by a Hindu nationalism in which Musalmans and Buddhists could not join without very considerable reserve. It aspires, moreover, to substitute itself for the British, partially at first, entirely later on.

When M. Chailley at length gets to grips with his political problems we find him a little disappointing. Dealing with the big questions of the day, he states the contentions on each side fairly and fully; he sometimes even indicates his own opinion—with qualifications. But when we look for a decisive finding, or still more

for a practical suggestion, it is rarely there. We would welcome the assistance which so sane and fair an observer could undoubtedly offer. But even on so tempting a subject for constructive criticism as Lord Morley's "reforms" he does not declare himself; though the reader is not left entirely unsatisfied. Perceiving justly how much of the existing trouble arises from a defective system of education, he adds a final section in which a general policy of the future based on educational reform is suggested in some detail. It is a Utopian vision. Had the genius of the Indian peoples been capable of such development as he pictures, their history would not have been that of a retarded civilisation and of subjection to successive dynasties of invaders.

On the whole this is one of the weightiest books on India that have appeared in recent years.

THE BEGINNINGS OF BABYLON.

"A History of Sumer and Akkad." By Leonard W. King. London : Chatto and Windus. 1910. 18s. net.

IN this stately volume Mr. King has given us an admirable history of early Babylonia, brought up to the very latest knowledge. No writer could have been found more competent to do this. His position in the British Museum has allowed him unrivalled opportunities for acquainting himself with the script and literature of the ancient Babylonians; he has travelled in the lands of the Tigris and Euphrates; and his previous publications have placed him in the foremost rank of Assyriologists, more especially on the historical side of their studies. The volume which has just appeared is but the first instalment of a larger work, and brings the history of the country down to a period which antedates by a century or two the age of Abraham. That nearly four hundred lengthy pages should nevertheless be needed to contain it is a striking commentary on the progress that has been made of late years in our knowledge of Babylonian history. Twenty years ago all that was known about primitive Babylonia could have been compressed into a few pages; a big book is now required in order to deal adequately with the subject. This is in great measure due to the fact that most of the excavating work which has recently been carried on in the region of the Tigris and Euphrates has dealt with Babylonia. English, French, German and American excavators have been busy there rather than in the more northern Assyria, and, in addition to what has been brought to light by legitimate excavation, multitudes of inscribed tablets have been discovered through the illicit digging of the Arabs and have subsequently found their way to Europe. One result of this is that the museums of Europe and America are now filled with thousands of early Babylonian documents, only a small proportion of which has as yet been copied and examined. The excavations of M. de Morgan at Susa in Elam have, moreover, considerably increased our materials for the reconstruction of Babylonian history, many historical monuments of Babylonian origin having been found on the site. Most of them formed part of the spoil carried off from Babylonia by the Elamite kings, one of whom seems to have established a sort of archaeological museum in the Elamite capital.

The founders of Babylonian culture were the Sumerians, who spoke an agglutinative language and whose racial relationship is still a matter of dispute. When they first settled in the Babylonian plain it was still in process of formation. The silt brought down every year by the Mesopotamian rivers gradually created a delta at the head of the Persian Gulf; but the southern limit of this delta at the time of the settlement was more than a hundred miles distant from what is now the seashore, and a large part of it was occupied by marshes. The marshes were drained by the Sumerians, who made canals and built numerous cities, raising them above the pestiferous soil by means of platforms of earth. At an early date bands of Semites from Arabia began to press forward towards the east: their contact with the Sumerians was sometimes peaceful, but more

often of a hostile nature. Eventually they adopted and adapted the civilisation of Sumer, and Semitic States arose in the northern portion of the Babylonian plain. This was known in later days as Akkad, and a good deal of early Babylonian history relates to the struggles that ensued between the Semites of Akkad and the Sumerians of southern Babylonia. These struggles finally resulted in the foundation of a great Semitic empire, under Sargon of Akkad and his son Naram-Sin, which extended from Elam on the east to the Mediterranean on the west. The empire does not seem to have lasted long, but the memory of it was never forgotten, and some centuries later, when a Sumerian reaction placed the supreme power in Babylonia in the hands of a dynasty which had its seat at Ur, its revival was attempted by a family of Sumerian kings.

The idea of political union and centralisation stands, however, to the credit of the Semite. Sumerian Babylonia was a land of small and independent States. Not only was the first world-empire that of Sargon of Akkad, but the first attempt to unite Babylonia itself was also made by the Semitic rulers of the northern half of the country. In aiming at the subjection of the Sumerian cities of the south they brought about the political unification of the Babylonian plain.

It is very possible, as Mr. King suggests, that their success was largely due to their use of the bow. The weapons of the Sumerians were the spear and battle-axe; it was only in the later age of the Kings of Ur that they borrowed the bow from their enemies. But in this later age the distinction between Semite and Sumerian was fast passing away; the two peoples were being fused together, and Babylonian civilisation and theology had become an amalgam of Semitic and Sumerian elements.

Mr. King possesses a sound judgment, and his conclusions are eminently sane. There is one point only on which we should differ from him. That is the personality of Sargon of Akkad, whom some Assyriologists, on the strength of a double writing of the name, would analyse into two individuals. While in some documents his name is written Shargani, in others it appears as Sharukin (or Shar-ru-kinu). But, as Professor Clay says, "the scribes, who wrote the name in cuneiform, could write the name in two ways: phonetically, Shargani, as they heard it, and ideographically, by using ideograms which represent approximately at least the pronunciation of the name, irrespective of the meaning". Since Mr. King's pages were in type an inscription has come to light which practically establishes Professor Clay's contention.

Mr. King is also a convert to the new chronology, which rejects the date assigned to Sargon of Akkad by the native historians, and would suppose him to have lived about a thousand years later. Until, however, we are in possession of at least a tithe of the chronological materials possessed by the royal antiquary Nabonidos and his librarians it would be as well to admit that they knew more of the history of their country than we do, and to abide by the chronology which they have handed down to us. That Mr. King should prefer the authority of a chronicle recently discovered by himself to that of an earlier-known document where the two are at variance regarding a detail of Sargon's history is doubtless natural; it is questionable, however, whether he is right. The point is, did Sargon cross the Mediterranean or the Persian Gulf in one of his campaigns? The chronicle, which Mr. King himself calls "poetical", makes it the Persian Gulf; the other document implies that it was the Mediterranean. A moment's reflection will show that the latter statement must be right: a Babylonian king who wished to attack the western shore of Elam would have marched to it by land, and not gone out of his way by more than a hundred miles in order to cross the sea.

There is an interesting appendix on the relation of recent discoveries in Turkestan to early Sumerian civilisation, and the book is enriched with numerous photographs and illustrations which add to its interest and value.

NOVELS.

"Caprice, her Book." By Dorothy Senior. London: Black. 1910. 6s.

Caprice, who lives in Devonshire, is a young person equally well acquainted with the works of Omar Khayyám and Mr. Péliissier. Her kindness is as apparent as her wide culture; there is hardly a despised tag in the whole collection of foreign phrases at the end of the dictionary but she has a welcome for it. She calls her pleasant diary a safety-valve; sometimes it resembles rather a literary quick-firer. When she writes of autumn, for instance, she packs half a dozen quotations from as many ancient and modern authors into a couple of paragraphs on the subject. Well may she tell us in her opening sentence that she has "too many thoughts which clamour for expression"; we do not, however, hear anything of that commonplace-book of hers. Not that all her thoughts come out of it by any means; but still they are rather profusely illustrated by other people's. Nor is her tenderness towards a cliché the only evidence of her good nature. Caprice's friends and neighbours might study her shrewd semi-humorous sketches of them without feeling hurt—which is perhaps to say a good deal for any village diarist. Even the old maid, Miss Tryphena, who gossiped sadly about the Naturalist's visits to his invalid cousin Delia, is found to have a pitiful history and a heart; and poor Mrs. Fortescue, who was thought to have no ideas at all beyond clothes, had really read the Rubáiyát, though she couldn't remember the words. "Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner", as the author would say—and, of course, does say in another connexion.

"Uncle Hilary." By Olivia Shakespear. London: Methuen. 1910. 6s.

Rosamond's mother Annie ran away from her husband when Rosamond was a baby. Annie went abroad, calling herself a widow, and Colonel Henry, of the East India Company's service, married her. Rosamond's father did not die till she was eighteen, and then she went to live with Uncle Hilary (who was not really anybody's uncle) in Russell Square. Uncle Hilary, turned sixty, was "in China tea" and a confirmed mystic, owing to intercourse with the East. By this time Colonel Henry was back in London, a close friend and frequent visitor. Annie had long since run away again; he believed her dead. Rosamond and Colonel Henry fell in love. On his return to India she followed, and they were married very quietly at Lahore. A month later he discovered that Annie was alive; also that she was Rosamond's mother. Rosamond was packed off back to Russell Square; nobody in England knew of her wedding except Uncle Hilary. Unfortunately her condition was such that she ought to be married to somebody. So Uncle Hilary took her to Italy and married her, in order to give the child a name. Dates were to be obscured by a prolonged tour. But the infant died, and everybody turned up in London again, including Annie. Last of all Annie really died also, and Uncle Hilary surrendered Rosamond to Colonel Henry. They tried love in a seaside cottage, which gradually bored them; and ultimately Rosamond returned to Uncle Hilary and the haven of Russell Square. All this is rather bewildering. As Colonel Henry's marriage with the supposed widow was clearly invalid, though he didn't know it, Rosamond was in fact his wife and Uncle Hilary a fatherly old bigamist. Perhaps this ingenious story is intended to give point to Uncle Hilary's favourite tenet that everything is just illusion. It makes you feel like that.

"Such and Such Things." By Mark Allerton. London: Methuen. 1910. 6s.

Mr. Allerton might have called his story "One of Our Conquerors" were the title free. He portrays with deadly fidelity, yet not ruthlessly, the ambitious lower middle-class Scot whom business attracts to London. David Logan is a very good example

of the type, and his inventor never descends to caricature. Irony, as he sees, is a finer weapon. David's passion for self-advancement masters with ease every other element in his nature, but he is rigidly honest, and he is a good son according to his lights. Looking back on the book we do not quite see how Mr. Allerton has made the career of a parsimonious clerk in a wholesale drapery business a thing of joy to the reader, but there is no doubt that he has done so. Love and friendship are of no account to David, who is yet indignant at being accused of selfishness. One of the best touches in the book is the suspicious surprise of the Scots clerk at the friendliness with which the young men in a London office receive a new hand. For what can they be hoping to gain from him? David is a more strict theologian than moralist, and he is wanting in the pride which lurks in many of his kind. He accepts drinks but never offers them: others of the race equally determined not to stand drinks would do without such refreshment. But David is real enough, and the fact that he never has misgivings about his own character is one of the most lamentably true points in the study.

"The Adventures of an A.D.C." By Shallard Bradley.
London: Lane. 1910. 6s.

A lively and amusing description of life in the household of an Indian Lieutenant-Governor. The subaltern who escapes from regimental duty to hand tea-cups in the Hills becomes a vicarious social potentate, and the sudden importance (with its consequent problems) to which Mr. Wynford attains when his colonel's relative sends for him to be A.D.C. is gaily described by Miss Bradley. There are shrewd comments on many aspects of Anglo-Indian life, while the melancholy eclipse suffered when the Lieutenant-Governor becomes a mere retired Indian civilian at home—a social débâcle like nothing else in history—here finds a sympathetic chronicler. There are good stories in the book, some of which have a strong flavour of vraisemblance.

"The Heart of Hindustan: a Novel." By Edmund White. London: Methuen. 1910. 6s.

We should hardly have applied the term "a novel" to this book, which consists of a series of sketches of incidents in Northern India not long after the Mutiny, but the loose framework enables the author to come very close to reality. A small group of Englishmen, the civil staff of the district, is confronted by a succession of official problems arising out of religious feuds, private vendettas, agrarian jealousies and love intrigues. The book differs from most Anglo-Indian stories in showing us the Englishmen only as officials. Their individual characters and temperaments are well brought out, but only in connexion with the dramas played before their eyes, and the real actors are Hindus and Mohammedans—the "heaven-born" being, appropriately enough, to some extent *dei ex machina*. The dramas are vivid and stirring, and the author's treatment of Indian character is alike sympathetic and very shrewd.

"Prairie, Snow, and Sea." By Laurence Mott.
London: Murray. 1910. 6s.

Here is a batch of Canadian stories, with two about the United States. Mr. Mott enters thoroughly into the life of the R.N.W. Mounted Police, but is a little too fond of repeating the theme of a conflict between friendship and duty. The man you have to arrest for murder is generally one who saved your life not long ago, which is embarrassing. Are the members of this fine corps quite so sentimental as the author finds them? The stories are graphic, and give a closer description of the North-West territories of the Dominion than we have hitherto met in fiction. They keep clear of Klondike, touch Labrador, and give us a glimpse of French-Canadian trappers and Indians. Mr. Mott is somewhat obsessed by the Bret Harte tradition, but he writes well, and most of his short stories were worth telling.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"John Lothrop Motley and his Family." London: Lane. 1910.
16s. net.

Motley died in 1877, and his correspondence was edited and published in 1889. This book is a collection of further letters and records edited by his daughter, Mrs. St. John Mildmay, and her husband, Lieut.-Colonel St. John Mildmay. It is suggested in the preface that the public were sufficiently interested in the earlier correspondence to make their welcome of this probable. We doubt the inference, if a public is meant that looks out for the intrinsically important. Motley was not first-rate either as diplomatist or writer. He has little significance after thirty years, and little interest, except as the historian of the Dutch Republic. All a general reader cares to know of him he will get in an ordinary introduction. But Motley's three daughters all married Englishmen, the most distinguished of whom was Sir William Harcourt, and settled in England, so that they had wide family and social connexions here. The mother and daughters wrote to each other and to friends in America and England from the various countries to which they accompanied Motley on his travels, or in which he was Minister. They write of the obvious side of society and of great personages as cultivated women so placed might be expected to do, and as a volume of domestic records this collection must be very interesting to the numerous families who now include amongst their ancestors the American Minister, and no doubt also to those who are within their social ambit. Several letters of a different character not previously published are between Bismarck and Motley. One of these contains a Bismarckian utterance worth preserving. Motley wrote urging moderation in Germany's demands on France. Germany would gain in various ways. She would "win the confidence of Europe". The editors tell us that in the margin of the letter Bismarck wrote "Damn confidence". This is a phrase to stand out in memory as one picture will do from the crowd in a gallery.

"Further Essays on Border Ballads." By Fitzwilliam Elliot.
Edinburgh: Elliot. 1910. 3s. 6d. net.

This is a sequel to the former book of Colonel Elliot, which is well known to all who are interested in the question "The Trustworthiness of Border Ballads". He here inquires into the genuineness or otherwise of four well-known ballads—the so-called Scottish version of the "Battle of Otterburn", "Auld Maitland", "Kinnmont Willie", and "Jamie Telfer i' the Fair Dodhead". His theory as to the Scottish Otterburn ballad as found in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" is that it has no claim to be considered the original ballad. It is a still bolder effort to find in our English "Battle of Otterburn" and "Chevy-Chase" a version, or rather perversion, of what really happened, namely, the victory of the Scots, in which are to be found many stanzas of the original Scottish Otterburn ballad. And Colonel Elliot exercises still further his critical faculty by reconstructing from these materials a version which he suggests may bear a closer resemblance to the original than the one Scott published in his "Minstrelsy". Here, we think, is material which any reader would find attractive who at all cares for the ballads as literature. As to the rest, it belongs too much to the minute polemics of a controversy in which the author has been engaged with Mr. Andrew Lang, which appeals more to the specialist or to readers on the Scottish and English borders than to the Southerner. Those who have followed the controversy will certainly be unwilling to miss Colonel Elliot's new contribution to it.

"The Instruments of the Modern Orchestra." By Kathleen Schlesinger. London: Reeves. 1910. 2 vols. 18s. 6d.

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(Continued on page 180.)

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of the type, and his inventor never descends to caricature. Irony, as he sees, is a finer weapon. David's passion for self-advancement masters with ease every other element in his nature, but he is rigidly honest, and he is a good son according to his lights. Looking back on the book we do not quite see how Mr. Allerton has made the career of a parsimonious clerk in a wholesale drapery business a thing of joy to the reader, but there is no doubt that he has done so. Love and friendship are of no account to David, who is yet indignant at being accused of selfishness. One of the best touches in the book is the suspicious surprise of the Scots clerk at the friendliness with which the young men in a London office receive a new hand. For what can they be hoping to gain from him? David is a more strict theologian than moralist, and he is wanting in the pride which lurks in many of his kind. He accepts drinks but never offers them: others of the race equally determined not to stand drinks would do without such refreshment. But David is real enough, and the fact that he never has misgivings about his own character is one of the most lamentably true points in the study.

"The Adventures of an A.D.C." By Shallard Bradley.
London: Lane. 1910. 6s.

A lively and amusing description of life in the household of an Indian Lieutenant-Governor. The subaltern who escapes from regimental duty to hand tea-cups in the Hills becomes a vicarious social potentate, and the sudden importance (with its consequent problems) to which Mr. Wynford attains when his colonel's relative sends for him to be A.D.C. is gaily described by Miss Bradley. There are shrewd comments on many aspects of Anglo-Indian life, while the melancholy eclipse suffered when the Lieutenant-Governor becomes a mere retired Indian civilian at home—a social débâcle like nothing else in history—here finds a sympathetic chronicler. There are good stories in the book, some of which have a strong flavour of vraisemblance.

"The Heart of Hindustan: a Novel." By Edmund White. London: Methuen. 1910. 6s.

We should hardly have applied the term "a novel" to this book, which consists of a series of sketches of incidents in Northern India not long after the Mutiny, but the loose framework enables the author to come very close to reality. A small group of Englishmen, the civil staff of the district, is confronted by a succession of official problems arising out of religious feuds, private vendettas, agrarian jealousies and love intrigues. The book differs from most Anglo-Indian stories in showing us the Englishmen only as officials. Their individual characters and temperaments are well brought out, but only in connexion with the dramas played before their eyes, and the real actors are Hindus and Mohammedans—the "heaven-born" being, appropriately enough, to some extent *dei ex machina*. The dramas are vivid and stirring, and the author's treatment of Indian character is alike sympathetic and very shrewd.

"Prairie, Snow, and Sea." By Laurence Mott.
London: Murray. 1910. 6s.

Here is a batch of Canadian stories, with two about the United States. Mr. Mott enters thoroughly into the life of the R.N.W. Mounted Police, but is a little too fond of repeating the theme of a conflict between friendship and duty. The man you have to arrest for murder is generally one who saved your life not long ago, which is embarrassing. Are the members of this fine corps quite so sentimental as the author finds them? The stories are graphic, and give a closer description of the North-West territories of the Dominion than we have hitherto met in fiction. They keep clear of Klondike, touch Labrador, and give us a glimpse of French-Canadian trappers and Indians. Mr. Mott is somewhat obsessed by the Bret Harte tradition, but he writes well, and most of his short stories were worth telling.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"John Lothrop Motley and his Family." London: Lane. 1910. 16s. net.

Motley died in 1877, and his correspondence was edited and published in 1889. This book is a collection of further letters and records edited by his daughter, Mrs. St. John Mildmay, and her husband, Lieut.-Colonel St. John Mildmay. It is suggested in the preface that the public were sufficiently interested in the earlier correspondence to make their welcome of this probable. We doubt the inference, if a public is meant that looks out for the intrinsically important. Motley was not first-rate either as diplomatist or writer. He has little significance after thirty years, and little interest, except as the historian of the Dutch Republic. All a general reader cares to know of him he will get in an ordinary introduction. But Motley's three daughters all married Englishmen, the most distinguished of whom was Sir William Harcourt, and settled in England, so that they had wide family and social connexions here. The mother and daughters wrote to each other and to friends in America and England from the various countries to which they accompanied Motley on his travels, or in which he was Minister. They write of the obvious side of society and of great personages as cultivated women so placed might be expected to do, and as a volume of domestic records this collection must be very interesting to the numerous families who now include amongst their ancestors the American Minister, and no doubt also to those who are within their social ambit. Several letters of a different character not previously published are between Bismarck and Motley. One of these contains a Bismarckian utterance worth preserving. Motley wrote urging moderation in Germany's demands on France. Germany would gain in various ways. She would "win the confidence of Europe". The editors tell us that in the margin of the letter Bismarck wrote "Damn confidence". This is a phrase to stand out in memory as one picture will do from the crowd in a gallery.

"Further Essays on Border Ballads." By Fitzwilliam Elliot.
Edinburgh: Elliot. 1910. 3s. 6d. net.

This is a sequel to the former book of Colonel Elliot, which is well known to all who are interested in the question "The Trustworthiness of Border Ballads". He here inquires into the genuineness or otherwise of four well-known ballads—the so-called Scottish version of the "Battle of Otterburn", "Auld Maitland", "Kinnmont Willie", and "Jamie Telfer i' the Fair Dodhead". His theory as to the Scottish Otterburn ballad as found in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" is that it has no claim to be considered the original ballad. It is a still bolder effort to find in our English "Battle of Otterburn" and "Chevy-Chase" a version, or rather perversian, of what really happened, namely, the victory of the Scots, in which are to be found many stanzas of the original Scottish Otterburn ballad. And Colonel Elliot exercises still further his critical faculty by reconstructing from these materials a version which he suggests may bear a closer resemblance to the original than the one Scott published in his "Minstrelsy". Here, we think, is material which any reader would find attractive who at all cares for the ballads as literature. As to the rest, it belongs too much to the minute polemics of a controversy in which the author has been engaged with Mr. Andrew Lang, which appeals more to the specialist or to readers on the Scottish and English borders than to the Southron. Those who have followed the controversy will certainly be unwilling to miss Colonel Elliot's new contribution to it.

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(Continued on page 180.)

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"**Music and Musicians.**" By Robert Schumann. Translated by Fanny Raymond Bitter. London: Reeves. 1910. 8s. 6d.

This is the seventh edition of the well-known Ritter translation of the first selection from Schumann's musical journalism. Many of the essays are, of course, mere German twaddle; many have long ceased to have any value because of the writer's blind infatuation with Mendelssohn; some, again, deal with topics possessing less interest now than the contrapuntal rules of Fux or Albrechtsberger. A specimen of the third sort is the article on an oratorio, "John Huss", by Dr. C. Löwe. The criticisms seem just enough, but the point is that no one now cares whether they are or not. Few know anything about "John Huss", and those who have seen some samples selected from it want to see no more. Schumann's literary exploits have been over-praised. He was reckoned a musician amongst writers, but in truth he was only a writer amongst musicians. However, he was much too great and sincere, if simple, a man for anything he said to be disregarded, and he will for long continue to be read, superficially.

"**Crockford's Clerical Directory, 1910.**" London: Cox. 20s.

"Crockford" was so late in appearing this year that we began to fear something had happened. The editor hints that the publication was delayed in order to insert the latest possible records, but that will hardly do. The accuracy we have come to expect in this directory is still there; but we doubt if the effort to secure a more accurate statement of the population of each parish is really served by asking the clergy to supply their own estimate. It is not only—to quote the caustic remark of a Bishop of London, now long dead—that the best of clergy will lie freely about the size of their congregations and the population of their parishes, but population is a very difficult thing to gauge in any but village parishes. It is better to rely on the census returns, and to let each inquirer make the necessary allowance for himself. We are glad that the editor has resolved to exclude all unauthorised titles and other indications of variety of theological opinion. Church parties are not the business of "Crockford".

"**Tent Life in Siberia,**" by George Kenan (Putnam. 10s. 6d. net), is a revised and much enlarged edition of a book which first appeared forty years ago. The demand for it has been continuous, and in its new form it will probably make a host of new friends.

THE QUARTERLIES.

Two personal appreciations, both mainly concerned with the training and early influences which moulded the after-life, are the chief features of the new quarterlies. In the "Quarterly" appears an excellent and obviously well-informed account of the character of King Edward VII. In the "Edinburgh" is a careful and most interesting study of Chatham's youth. The account of King Edward's early days could only have been written by someone who has had access to special papers; it gives more intimate touches of the Prince's home life, of the influence of parents and friends, than is generally to be looked for so soon after a king's death. How anxiously—almost too anxiously sometimes, perhaps—the Queen and Prince Albert considered everything that might affect his career! "He was not primarily in their view only the eldest son of the Queen. He was the eldest of the children of England—les enfants d'Angleterre—as their old governess called them". Every hour was mapped out; every day of the boy's life was the subject of a report. More, perhaps, was sometimes expected of him than he was capable of performing, and the Prince Consort was disappointed with some of his boyish journals. "Description is there", says the reviewer, "but in the cant of the schools no subjectivity". The régime of the Prince's education did not kill the real boy in him, and to that fact may no doubt be traced some of the natural charm in him as King, which to the reviewer was at once indefinable and invincible. "The personal magnetism which won the hearts of everyone with whom he came into contact, and of millions who never saw him, was a national asset worth more to us in our King than the military genius of a Napoleon or the diplomatic gifts of a Metternich, because of its more abiding quality and more permanent result". The writer, it will be perceived, makes his point with some vigour.

The "Edinburgh" devotes a closer study to Pitt's education and early associations than they generally receive, in the belief that they may "help to explain some traits in his mysterious nature which have hitherto baffled comprehension". Pitt's years at Eton and Oxford and as a cornet in Cobham's Horse were strenuous, but the gout was with him even at Eton. In the early eighteenth century, says the

reviewer, Oxford was hardly the place to choose for musing on liberty. "At no time was our ancient University more stagnant and illiberal." But at her worst "Oxford never entirely lost her singular gift of stimulating what is best in the young generations succeeding each other so rapidly within her gates". At Oxford Pitt studied chiefly what would prove of advantage to the public man, and "the study of history, and English history almost exclusively, appeared to Pitt the main business of his scheme of education". In the army his studies left him "ample leisure to gain the firm footing in the social and political world necessary for the development of his genius". He joined the band of young Patriots who learned their politics from Bolingbroke and his friends, and was driven from the army on account of a speech in Parliament. In the "Edinburgh" other articles are on Some Modern Essayists—Mr. Benson, Mr. Belloc, Mr. Chesterton, and Mr. Lucas—and the Progress of Economics, in which the writer seeks to explain that the influence of party is everywhere harmful. Adam Smith's views, we are told, have become less easy to understand since they have been made the shuttlecocks of party. Party breeds dogmatism, and dogmatism is fatal to truth: and this from an advocate of the most dogmatic of all economic faiths, Free Imports. The "Quarterly", in an article Two Chambers or One, again supports the idea of the referendum as the ultimate solution of questions on which the two Chambers, however constituted, may differ fundamentally. Dr. W. d'Este Emery writes on some recent studies in the problem of cancer, and Mr. Hans Gadow has an article, technical and picturesque, on birds and their colours, and the vicissitudes through which richly plumaged birds have gained a "truly harmonious dress".

"The Church Quarterly Review" starts with an appreciation of King Edward, short, careful, and in good taste, if somewhat ordinary. The other articles may be divided into the dull and the interesting. To the former belong a disquisition on the rating of Tithe Rent-Charge, a sermon-like treatise on the nature of the Kingdom of Heaven, and most of the shorter notices; to the latter an attractive sketch, by the Rev. G. C. Richards, of the Churches of Scandinavia, and the prospects of closer union between them and our own Church. Mr. Richards writes with good knowledge of his subject, and it will be a surprise to many English Churchmen to learn how strong is the case for the validity of Swedish Orders, and how close is the resemblance of Church life in Sweden to that in England. Dr. Whitney contributes a valuable historical article on Pope Gregory VII.; the Rev. A. G. B. West gives an interesting account of education in Australia; and the inevitable subject of women's rights and women's suffrage is discussed in a review of Lady Maclaren's "Women's Charter". A series of four articles deals with the supply and training of candidates for Holy Orders. By a recent resolution the Bishops of the Southern Province have decided that after 1917 all candidates must be graduates of some University and must have spent at least one year at a Theological College. Whether the Bishops, when the time comes, will abide by their resolution, or whether new occupants of sees will feel bound by their predecessors' decision, remains to be seen; if they do, the result will be to diminish the supply, without improving the training, of candidates. It is a complicated question, and we must refer inquirers to the articles by Dr. Frere and Mr. Kelly; the latter is, we think, right in maintaining that what is mainly taught in our Universities is not Theology proper so much as the introduction to Theology, and that the modern University is not the ideal training-ground for the modern priest.

The "Law Quarterly" has for its first article, under the title of "The Promotion of Peace", the address delivered by Mr. Roosevelt before the Nobel Prize Committee in May last, the ex-President being the prize-taker in that subject, which is eminently suited to the rhetorical commonplace style of the speaker. More worthy of attention is the article of Mr. W. J. L. Ambrose, "The New Judiciary", in which the dangers of the growing practice of referring questions of great public importance to some Government Department are discussed. Mr. Ambrose considers the cases, from the Swansea School Board downwards, that have been before the Courts and revealed or emphasised these dangers. The Archer-Shee case would have further illustrated his point. The second of Mr. W. W. Lucas' articles on "The Co-operative Nature of English Sovereignty" is very interesting; and Mr. W. Strachan's "The Return of a Company's Capital to its Shareholders", and Mr. Frank Evans' "What is a Company?" are valuable contributions to the topics they discuss. The lawyer will browse on the Book Reviews, especially on that of Mr. Ingpen's "Master Worsley's Book", with great pleasure.



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